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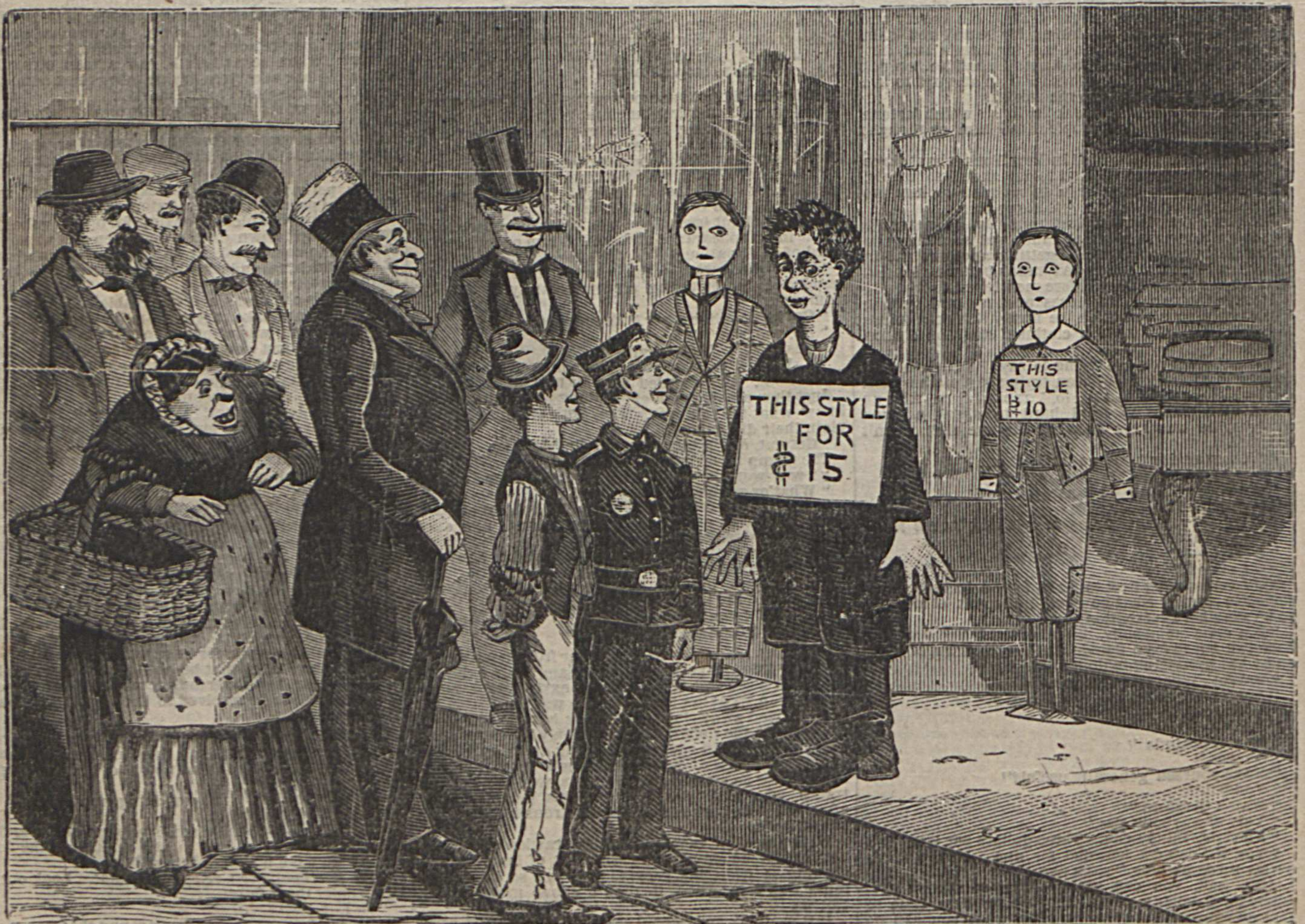
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Vol. I

STUTTERING SAM.

By PETER PAD,

Author of "Bob Rollick; or, What Was He Born For?" "Ebenezer Crow," "Stump; or, Little, but Oh, My!" "Chips and Chin Chin," "Tom, Dick, and the ———," "Tumbling Tim," "Tommy Bounce," "Tommy Bounce, Jr., a Chip of the Old Block," "Tommy Bounce at College," "Shorty; or, Kicked into Good Luck," "Tommy Dodd," "Shorty in Search of His Dad," "The Shortys' Trip Around the World," etc., etc.



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STUTTERING SAM.

By PETER PAD.

Author of "The Shortys Married and Settled Down," "The Shortys' Trip Around the World," "Bob Rollick; or, What was He Born For?" "Ebenezer Crow," "Stump; or, Little, but Oh, My!" "Chips and Chin Chin," "Tumbling Tim," "Tommy Bounce," "Tommy Bounce, Jr., a Chip of the Old Block," "Tommy Bounce at College," "Tom, Dick, and the —," "Tommy Dodd," "Shorty; or, Kicked into Good Luck," "Shorty in Search of His Dad," Etc., Etc., Etc.

PART I.

He was a persevering rooster, was Sam, if he did stutter, and he was bound to work his way.

And the man that picked him up for a fool dropped him shortly afterwards.

He wasn't exactly "thrown on his own resources," as heroes generally are, for he had always been on them so far as he could judge.

The first thing he ever knew, so far as he knew, he was living in Boston and being bounced around while working for grub and shelter.

He blacked boots, sold papers, ran errands, and did almost everything he could do, but he didn't become a millionaire at it.

And so he scratched around until he was about thirteen years old; pretty well grown; generally up to snuff, and in the possession of as bad a way of expressing himself as ever a poor devil had.

Finally he hooked a ride from Boston to New York, having heard much about the great city, and on his landing here we introduce him.

There were several things against his beauty and usefulness besides his stuttering, for he had red hair, freckles, was cross-eyed, and had big hands and feet, and those who knew him best said he had No. 1 pluck or he would drown himself rather than attempt to live and make his way through the world.

But he was bound to "work the line" which fortune placed him on whether people liked him or thought him handsome or not.

And this is how he landed in New York, about three years ago, plucky, and bound to get ahead somehow, and now that you have been introduced to him, we will proceed to see how he gets along here.

Not being wealthy, his first thing to do naturally was to get a square meal, and then get something to do, so as to stand a chance of getting another; and in this he would have succeeded much better had it not been for the misfortunes before mentioned.

After trying in a dozen places or more, and getting the bounce in all of them, he finally struck a pious old shanghai who kept a clothing store on Fulton street.

"What's that you are trying to say?" asked the old merchant, after Sam had been trying to state his case.

"I-I-I w-wa-wa-wa a j-j job," replied Sam, with an effort, and when he tried hard to speak a thing straight, he was sure to wink the eye that wasn't crooked.

"Well, why don't you go and get one?"

"I-I-I ca-ca-can't."

"Who are you and what can you do?"

"I-I-I'm Sam—"

"What the mischief are you winking at me for?" said the man, severely.

"I-I-I—"

"Oh, sing it."

This was nothing new to Sam, for he had often resorted to singing what he could not speak otherwise, so he sang his explanation thus:

"I'm Sam somebody, hang me if I know who; I have just got in from Boston and am a stranger here, and want something to do."

"Bravo! What can you do?"

"Almost anything."

"Sweep out?"

"Yes."

"Run of errands?"

"Oh, yes."

"Make yourself generally useful?"

"You bet."

"Watch the store?"

"Yes; or anybody else."

"All right, I'll try you. Three dollars per week?"

"Yes, if I can get boarded for one. A chap wants ter lay up something," sang Sam.

"Oh, well, you can get good board almost anywhere for a dollar a week. It's pretty near time to shut up store, so suppose you show what you can do at sweeping out," said the old man, introducing him to sprinkling pot and broom.

"All right, I'm your grasshopper," said he, pulling off his coat and getting ready for action.

"What! do you use slang, Samuel?"

"No, boss; I uses a broom."

"How were you brought up?"

"I-I-I wa-wa-wa—"

"Sing it!"

"I warn't brought up at all; I walked."

"I mean, how were you brought up in Boston?"

"By a policeman once, for nothing."

"Nonsense! Get to work now, and let me see what you can do."

"All right;" and at it he went.

The boss showed him where to get some water, and in a short time he had the store well sprinkled, also the boss' boots, after which the goods were covered up, and he began to sweep out.

This he accomplished after a fashion of his own, although on account of the cock in his eye one could hardly tell which way he intended to strike. But when it was finished he assisted the clerk to put up the shutters.

"There, now, you may go. Be here in the morning at seven o'clock, sharp," said Mr. Twill.

"All right," saying which he started out in search of somewhere to stop all night.

In this he did not succeed very well, but he managed to make a raid on a free lunch table while the proprietor was not looking, and so got his crop full after which he returned to the store and took lodgings in a large empty box that stood near the door.

This sort of a hotel was nothing new for him. He had often occupied them during his life, and so he settled himself for a comfortable snooze.

But he had not been there long before another snoozer put in an appearance and snaked him out without a word of explanation.

"Wha—wha—what's the matter with you?" demanded Sam, squaring off indignantly at the big tramp.

"Go 'long! I'll eat yer," he growled.

"No, yer won't."

"Yas, I will. Yer jes' git!"

"I-I-I jes' w-w-won't. That's m-m-my bunk."

"Get out. I've boarded here for two months."

Just then a policeman came along and demanded to know what the row was. They both attempted to explain their differences.

"Get out, or I'll take you both in," said he.

The tramp turned and walked away.

"I w-w-work in this place," protested Sam.

"What'er givin me? Move on!"

Sam obeyed without further words, but just as soon as the cop was out of sight he returned, and once more took possession of the box.

But he had scarcely got into a doze again when back came that tramp.

Finding Sam there, he at once pulled him out, and crawled into the box himself.

"I-I-I'll fix you f-f-for that!"

"You go to thunder, won't yer?"

"Y-y-yes. If you d-d-don't e-hear fr-from me again, you may know I've gone," said Sam, with quite an effort, for whenever he got mad he experienced more difficulty in speaking than when he was not.

He walked away slowly, thinking how he could get square with the duffer, when suddenly he came upon a box of ashes and garbage standing on the sidewalk.

With a chuckle of delight, he caught it up, and taking it along he emptied the contents over the snoring tramp who had robbed him of his lodging-house, after which he turned and darted around the corner out of sight.

With a howl of rage, the tramp crawled out of the box, and stood clawing the ashes out of his eyes and shaking it from his person, although so far as the muss was concerned, it didn't show much on his clothes.

Just as quick as he could see clearly he started after Sam, but that individual being out of the way and the policeman in the way, he ran into him, got elbowed to

pay for it, and on being recognized was taken to the station-house.

Sam was watching things, and the moment they were out of sight, he returned to his lodging-house, emptied the ashes out of it, and once more curled himself up for a night's rest.

He was not disturbed again until the early market and milk wagons began to thunder through the street, and then, feeling refreshed, he crawled out and took a brace around the block.

A farmer's wagon, loaded with turnips, drove along, and one big rutabaga dropped off. Sam captured it.

"If there's anything I do like, when I can't get anything else, it's turnips," thought he. "Guess I'll make an early breakfast of this," and pulling out his big Yankee jack-knife, he proceeded to peel his find, and to get outside of it.

It was very early yet, and so he walked down towards Fulton Market to see what was going on, and perhaps skirmish for something to eat, as he had often done around the Quincy Market in Boston.

It was a familiar scene to him, although he had never beheld it in New York before. He watched around for some time without finding any show for chewing-material, when he, at length, saw a man struggling with a big bag of oysters, trying to lug them across the street from the wharf to the market.

Sam was at his side in a shake, and offering to assist him with his load, which offer was accepted, not only for that, but for several baskets, after which the man couldn't do less than ask him to have some grub.

"Oh, perhaps not!" he chuckled to himself, as he started to prance back to the store.

It wasn't seven o'clock or time for opening the store yet, but he sat down on the door-step and waited for the clerk to come, looking up street and down street at the same time, and whistling as cheerfully as though he owned the store himself.

Now, this clerk was a disagreeable old fellow, and had taken a dislike to Sam from the first, but as the boss, Mr. Twill, was a man who always had his own way, and did just exactly as he liked, he knew that it would do no good to speak to him on the subject, so he resolved to make it so hot for Sam that he would gladly get out of his own accord.

"Get up out of that! What are you loafing and whistling around here for?" he snarled, as he came to unlock the door.

"W-w-waiting fo-fo-for you," replied Sam.

"Well, you look as though you was waiting for a washing," said he, unlocking the door.

"B-b-boss didn't hire m-m-me ter do washing."

"Oh, he didn't, eh? Well, get to work and take down those shutters; see if that was what he hired you to do."

"All right," and he started to obey.

"No occasion for your talking back."

"D-d-don't w-w-wan't me ter talk to yer?"

"No; for if you give me much of your lip, I'll kick you into the street."

Sam made no reply, for he saw that the man was not only ill-natured, but that he had taken a dislike to him for some reason or other (on account of his good looks, perhaps), and so he resolved to keep quiet and watch his chances.

Sam had a couple of the heavy shutters in his arms, attempting to carry them to the back end of the store, where they were to be stood up out of sight during the day.

"What the devil are you doing now?" yelled the clerk, rushing towards him.

"Why, I—I—" said Sam, stopping and standing the shutters up on end in the middle of the floor, "don't they b-b-b'long out there?"

"No, you cock-eyed, red-headed idiot. Look out, or you will let them fall!"

"I—I—I—"

"Oh, shut up, and take them around that way," said he, pointing to another part of the store.

"All right," said Sam, taking one of the heavy shut-

ters, and allowing the other to fall bang upon the head of the bossy clerk, knocking him down.

"Oh—oh—oh! Thunder and blazes!" he roared, struggling upon the floor. "Take it off, you fool!"

"Yes, sir," said Sam, dropping the other just in time to bang old Twill on the head, he having come in at that moment.

"Holy Moses!" roared the boss.

"My head is broken!" moaned the clerk.

"Take this away; what's the matter here?"

"I—I—I ca—ca—can't help it; he—"

"Sing it, you scoundrel," said the boss.

"Well, sir, he bosses me so much that I don't know what I'm about," sung Sam.

"He lies, the red-headed idiot."

"You be more careful, or I'll boss you in such a way as to make you sick. Pick up the shutters and take them back there, one at a time. And you let him alone," said he, turning to the clerk.

"Confound his stupid pate, I wish I could break it as nearly as he has mine," said he.

"You know you are altogether too bossy. Leave him to me and I'll manage him."

The clerk turned away growling and rubbing his sore head, while Sam took away the remainder of the shutters and put them in their place.

"Now, Sam, you will find a window-brush and pail, and the step-ladder down-stairs by the hydrant, and you want to wash the windows. Do you know how to wash windows?"

"Y-y-yes, sir."

"We shall see. Go right down-stairs there and get your things, and have them both washed by the time I get back from breakfast."

"All r-r-right, sir," replied Sam.

The proprietor went up to the Belmont to get his hash, leaving Sam and the clerk alone again.

He found the things, and at once proceeded to wash the windows according to instructions, but just as soon as the boss had gone, that clerk began to put on airs again and to order Sam around like a dog.

Sam didn't say much, but he kept up a big thinking and looked two ways at once, for this he could do without straining.

He was standing on the step-ladder and a pail of water sat on the top of it.

"Isn't that a devil of a way to wash windows?" he sneered, looking up at him.

"That's the Boston way; the real baked beans and brown bread touch," sang Sam. "And don't you like it, Mr. Man?"

"Don't you talk back to me, or I'll shake you off that ladder and break your ugly neck. Stop throwing your water about so."

"Who's d—d—doing th—th—this job?"

"Nobody," snapped the clerk, and seeing a chance to unhook the brace which held the ladder in position, he pulled it out so that another move or two on Sam's part would send him tumbling down upon the pavement.

But he forgot about Sam's cock-eye, and didn't think he could look in at least two directions at the same time.

He saw the trick while seemingly looking in another direction, and gathering himself so as not to be hurt by the fall, he tipped the pail of water over upon the clerk, at the same time jolting the step-ladder so as to make it fall with his whole weight upon the rascal.

Water, pail, ladder, and Sam came tumbling down upon him, knocking him "gally west."

"Thunder and murder!" yelled the clerk.

Sam began stuttering, and in getting upon his feet, managed to trample upon his fallen enemy two or three times, causing him to yell out loudly.

A crowd quickly gathered about the store door.

"H—h—how do y—y—you like it?" asked Sam.

"You villain, I'll have you arrested!" shouted the clerk, struggling to his feet.

"N-n-no you w-w-won't. Yo-y-you p-p-pulled out the hook, a-a-and I-I saw you d-do it."

"You lie!"

"No, he don't. I saw you do it," said a clerk in a store adjoining. "I'll make oath of it."

"Look what he has done to me."

"Serves you good and right," said several in the crowd, and finding that he had no friends there, he crawled back into the store to change his clothes.

Sam picked up the ladder again, and after thanking the chap who had spoken so promptly in his behalf, he went for another pail of water.

But your nickels he wasn't molested again while he was washing the windows that day. But that badly-defeated old clerk still had it in for him, and was bound to have it out.

When the boss returned, he complimented Sam on his style in washing windows, and after everything was in order, he told him to go to the back of the store, and be ready to do anything in the shape of errands that he might be wanted for.

Business being very dull, there was little or nothing for anybody in the store to do, and Sam, being an active sort of a fellow, without a lazy bone in his skin, felt lonesome. He wanted to do something.

Finally the clerk went out to dinner, leaving the boss in his private office half asleep, and Sam to keep watch of the store.

He walked out to the front where the suits were displayed on forms around the door, having the prices marked upon them, when suddenly a brilliant idea hit him alongside of the head.

Looking cautiously back to see if the boss was watching, he hastily got into one of the suits, and took his place near the sidewalk and in front of the other dummies. On this particular suit there was marked—*This style for fifteen dollars.*

There was a comical grin on Sam's mug in spite of his efforts to look as much like a dummy as possible, and in less than two minutes there was a crowd in

front of the store, laughing, wondering, and commenting in all sorts of ways upon Sam's appearance.

But several customers entered the store causing business to pick up right away, while Sam, by winking at the crowd once in awhile, kept them roaring with laughter, and until the proprietor's attention was called to what was going on.

Of course he was made to get out of that suit, and got a good jawing in the bargain, but the fact remained that he had attracted in three or four customers who brought a considerable bill of goods.

Mr. Twill felt certain that he could not put Sam to any better use than keeping him at the door in this way, but the notoriety of the thing, and the comments that would be made by his neighbors he was afraid of.

"I'll fix that playful rooster," thought the clerk, when he heard of it, for just then he called to mind an errand that he wished him to do. "Here, you red-headed Sammy Fresh; come here. Go up to this number, on Nassau street; find that man, and ask him if he is ready to come and be measured for his clothes."

"All right."

"Well, you just see that it is all right, and that you make no mistake, for if you do, you will get bounced out of here on the double-quick."

"All right, o-o-old step-l-l-ladder," said Sam, taking the slip of paper and starting away.

"Now then, there'll be fun," chuckled the clerk.

"Hang me if I wouldn't like to see it."

It so happened that the man whom he had sent him to was quite as much of a stutterer as Sam was, and very sensitive about it; ready to fly at anybody who adverted to his misfortune.

Sam found the place and the man after hunting awhile.

"Be y-y-you M-M-Mr. B-B-Bangs?" he asked, going into the room.

"Y-y-yes, y-y-you little r-r-red-headed r-r-runt. Wha-wha-what of it?" said the man, savagely, for he believed that Sam knew of his infirmity, and was mocking him.

"W-w-well, M-M-Mr. T-T-Twill w-w-wants y-y-you—"

"Shut up or I-I-I'll t-t-throw y-y-you down s-s-stairs. D-d-don't y-y-you c-c-come r-r-round h-h-here s-s-sing m-m-me."

"I-I-I arn't s-s-sas—"

The man dove towards him savagely.

"I-i-if y-y-you d-d-don't shut up I'll—"

"Y-y-you needn't m-m-mock m-m-me, f-f-for I can't help it," said Sam.

"You l-l-lie."

"N-n-no I-I-I can't."

"T-then I-I-I'll t-t-take the stutter out of y-y-you," said he; and wheeling Sam around facing the open door, he lifted his foot and raised him with a tremendous kick.

Sam's "oh, oh's!" were mixed with the racket he made in tumbling down stairs.

Picking himself up, and trying to relieve himself with a hearty swear, he limped away towards the store, quite as uncertain about whether the man had mocked him or he the man, as the man was himself.

At all events, he made his way back to the store and reported.

"Well, what did he say?" asked the clerk, with a grin.

"He k-k-kicked me out," said Sam.

"Oh, he did, eh? Well, that's all right."

"It is, hey?"

"Of course it is. It's a way he has—"

"W-w-well, he w-w-weighs too m-m-much f-f-for m-m-me," replied Sam, rubbing the place where his pants had been dusted.

While the clerk was laughing over the affair and thinking how nicely he had played it on Sam, in came Mr. Bangs, furious, and demanded in his stuttering way why Mr. Twill had sent a boy to his office to insult him.

It did not take long for the boss to find out who was to blame in the matter, and then assuring his customer that the lad was innocent, that he stuttered quite as bad as he did, he pitched into the clerk for sending Sam on such an errand, and threatened to discharge him.

Thus matters were settled, and Sam came out ahead once more, while the only consolation the clerk had, was in knowing that he had received a good kicking.

Mr. Bangs knew how it was himself, and taking pity on Sam, he gave him a five-dollar bill to pay for kicking him, and at the same time assured the clerk that he would pull his ugly long nose the first time he caught him outside of the store.

"Who's h-h-hunky up n-n-now?" asked Sam, shaking the fiver at him.

PART II.

SAM felt first rate over the way in which his being kicked down-stairs had ended, while the discomfited clerk was decidedly chafffallen.

Besides this, his boss, Mr. Twill, showed that he was quite as much of a friend to him as he was to the clerk, and so with five dollars in his pocket and a brighter prospect before him, he cut capers about the store to show himself how good he felt.

He could have any quantity of fun of this sort without stuttering.

"What the devil is the matter with you, you cock-eyed clown?" asked the clerk.

"F-f-feel s-s-so bully," replied Sam.

"You act very coltish for a fellow who feels bully. But you better look out, for if the boss catches you, off goes your thack."

"D-d-darn if I c-c-care," replied Sam, cutting a

clumsy caper and trying to make his big feet rattle out some sort of time on the floor.

"Who in thunder is tipping those boxes around there?" yelled Mr. Twill, looking up from his paper.

"N-n-nobody, sir," replied Sam, looking down at his big trotters.

The clerk laughed heartily, and felt so good over the affair that he stole out and treated himself.

There is no telling how well Sam might have got along in this place had it not been for a little game of Mr. Twill's, and which he was unfortunate enough to spoil one day after being there about a week.

The old rascal tried to keep up a reputation for piety and virtue especially with his wife, but as the sequel showed, this was all a sham.

He gave Sam two letters, one of which was to be taken up-town to his house and delivered to his wife, and the other to be given to a young lady residing on the west side.

Sam started off with ten cents car-fare, but after finding the lay of the land he concluded to deliver the young lady's letter first, and then walk to the boss's house with the other, while spending the car-fare for peanuts, which he could munch as he went.

At the house of the aforesaid damsel a servant came to the door who knew about as much of reading as Sam did himself, and to her he gave the letter that belonged to Mrs. Twill, after which he marched away, crunching peanuts and scattering the shells merrily.

Mrs. Twill came to the door, and he handed her the letter which should have been delivered at the other house, and seeing by the printing on the envelope that it came from her husband, she tore it open, and read as follows:

DEAR LOU:—We will go to the theater to-night. Be ready, and I will call for you about seven. I have written to my old hen to tell her that I am going to a church meeting over in Brooklyn to-night, and that I shall not be home much before midnight.

"By-by. E. S. TWILL."

Mrs. Twill saw the point at once, and almost bursting with rage, she tried to appear calm.

"Did Mr. Twill send you with this?" she asked.

"Y-y-yes'm."

"Have you delivered the other one?"

"Yes'm," said he, completely thrown from his guard, and supposing, of course, that it was all right. She closed the door, and Sam mashed another peanut as he started to return to the store.

But judge of that young lady's surprise when she opened and read the letter delivered to her, she also being so familiar with the envelope that she scarcely noticed whether the address was right or not.

It read as follows:

DEAR WIFEY:—There is to be a church meeting over in Brooklyn to-night, and I have accepted an invitation to speak. Therefore it will probably be nearly midnight when I get home. Don't worry, pet.

"Yours forever, HUSBAND."

Now she knew at once that a mistake had been made that would raise a wind; so she dressed herself with all haste and started for down-town to see if she could set matters right.

And there was a certain other lady hurrying towards that same store for a similar purpose.

Sam, in the meantime, was sauntering along, allowing himself two peanuts to each block of the journey, and getting all the fun he could besides by stopping and looking in the shop windows.

The result was that the young lady reached the store before he did, and handed the letter to Twill, making explanations at the same time.

And then that old piety sharp grew white and red by turns, and couldn't think of anything to say but cuss words; and to explain his anger more fully, he went through a very expressive pantomime of getting the head of Sam under his arm and punching it into head-cheese.

But while this was going on, his wife came tearing into the store, howling for vengeance and ten cupfuls of female human gore.

And then there was a circus, a right lively one, with any quantity of ground and lofty tumbling thrown in. It only wanted Sam there for a clown to have made it a perfect show.

"You monster of deceit and iniquity!" his wife screeched, as she held up the letter. "And you shameless, good-for-nothing nussy, you!" she added, turning to the crinolined cause of her trouble.

But the girl was no kitten, and like two cats they flew at each other, tearing, jawing, clawing, each doing her best for victory.

An instant after this attack, the air was full of ribbons, false hair, fractured hats, and a wild waving of striped stockings, as their owners rolled and tumbled upon the floor together.

Twill and his clerk were dancing around and trying to separate them, when in came Sam.

Then Twill turned upon him, and kicked him out of the store, and kicked him after he was out; and told him that he would feed pigs with him if he ever dared to show himself there again.

Which little exercise induced Sam to walk lame, and to conclude that he was not wanted there much.

It was all a mystery to him, and he probably don't know to this day why he was fired out.

But out he was, and somewhat injured, and once more his occupation was looking for a job. He had no recommendation from his "last place," however, that he cared to show.

"C-c-cussed funny," he muttered, as he started away, rubbing the seat of his pants, and then he wondered if that was the customary way of treating folks in New York under the circumstances.

He didn't forget the affair for some time, or to walk lame, and to prefer standing to sitting, but not being

conscious of having done anything wrong, he at once set about finding another job.

It took him three days to do this, and when he did find one, it was with a fishmonger at Fulton market, who engaged him to carry out orders and to make himself generally useful.

Sam at once entered upon the performance of his arduous duties, and during the first day nothing happened to mar the rather unfavorable opinion which his boss had formed of him. He hired him because he was strong, not on account of his beauty.

The next morning, while the boss was busy, an old Irishwoman wanted waiting on, and Sam at once came to the front.

"Fat's them?" she asked, pointing to some shad.

"A cent apiece; I th-th-thought they were worth a c-c-cent."

"Well, I should say so, a good many scents. All right. Now get to work and shovel up those clams," said he, directing him to a pile of those articles.

In about half an hour back came that Irishwoman with the smelts in her basket, and blood in her eye. The boss met her.

"Where's that red-headed, cock-eyed, big-futted spalpeen as sould me these porgies?" she demanded. Sam looked carefully the other way.

"Porgies! Those are smelts," said the boss.

"Smelts! An' didn't ye know they smelt when ye sould them ter me?" she exclaimed, angrily. "Ony

Poor fellow! twice bounced, and nary a cent from either place, and once more on his oars or to drift again.

He didn't feel very good, wet as he was, and began to think that New York wasn't such a nice place, after all.

During the next few hours he couldn't pluck up the courage to ask for another job, but after he got dry again he began to look around and to brace up somewhat. And once in a while a grin would steal over his comical mug as he thought of the result of selling stinking fish to an Irishwoman.

It wasn't until the next day that he found another place wherein to exercise his ingenuity, and this



He took his place near the sidewalk and in front of the other dummies. On this particular suit there was marked—"This style for fifteen dollars."

"P-p-porgies, mum," replied Sam, who was bound not to appear ignorant.

"How much are they?"

"D-d-dollar."

"Dollar! How many for a dollar?"

"One."

"Out! Put the devil der ye take me for? Sure I can get as many as wud break me back for a dollar," said she, turning away.

"G-g-got some here f-f-for a cent," said he, bound not to lose a customer if possible.

"Lave me sa 'em."

Sam thereupon produced some smelt, which might have been smelled a block away.

"Be them porgies?"

"Y-y-yes, mum."

"An' a cint apiece?"

"Yes, mum, if you t-t-take the lot."

"Troth, I'll do that same. Are they fresh?"

"J-j-just c-c-caught, mum."

"Sure I can't tell for the cowld I've in me head."

"They're all right, mum."

He counted them into her basket, and there were fifty of them, which she paid for and departed.

Sam placed the money in the till and started about something else.

"Did you throw those smelts into the waste barrel?" asked the boss, a few minutes after, for he had directed Sam some time before to throw them away, knowing them to be bad and unsalable.

"N-n-no."

"Well, why the devil didn't you? They will begin to smell presently and spoil trade."

"I sold 'em."

"Sold 'em?"

"Y-y-yes."

"The devil you did! Who to?"

"An Irish w-w-woman."

"For what?"

man as will sell stinkin' porgies deserves to have ther perlice set on him, so he does."

"It was all a mistake, madame."

"Dade it was, if ye thort ter chate me because I'm a poor woman wid a cowld in me head."

"I did not sell them to you; my boy did it."

"Bad luck ter him! Lave me at him onct, an' I'll knock dacint behavior inter his ugly mug, so I will;" and having by this time worked herself up into a fighting mood, she caught up a ten-pound codfish by the tail, and began to belabor poor Sam over the head and shoulders.

He tried to escape her, and in doing so ran into the boss, and knocked him over backwards into a tub of water.

After banging him over the head as long as she cared to, she placed the fish in her basket, and strode from the stall, leaving Sam to gather himself out of a mess of rubbish in the corner where she had knocked him, and the boss to get out of that tub of water, into which he was closely wedged, as best he could.

That baptized fishmonger was too mad to see how the woman had got square by helping herself, but he got up and went for Stuttering Sam. He caught him by the slack of his trousers, and pushed him head first into the tub of water into which he had knocked him the other end first a moment before.

"There, confound you!" said he, standing him on his feet once more, "how do you like that?"

Sam was coughing and spewing up water for the next few minutes, and couldn't reply.

"Now you just git up and git out of this on the double quick. You are too cussed smart for me."

"I-I-I—"

"Oh, shut your clam and skip out."

"B-b-bounced?"

"Yes, bounced. Skip!"

Sam threw off his apron and started out, well knowing that it would be useless to ask for pay for what time he had worked.

time it was in a grocery store over on the West side of town.

This appeared to be a better job than either of the other two had been, but it kept him at work early and late, lugging, tugging, and making himself generally useful.

After he had been here about a week he was allowed to wait upon a few customers, but knowing only a little of reading or figures, he made rather slow progress. But his desire to do his best inclined the boss in his favor, and had it not been for his aptitude for making blunders he might have got along much better.

He managed to stay here a month, for which he received six dollars and his board, but one day he was trying to lift a barrel, when the hoop slipped off and he went over backwards into a bushel basket full of eggs.

He went clear to the bottom on his own bottom, smashing every egg in the basket, and this so enraged his employer that he kicked him into the street, but afterwards gave him his choice of having the price of the hen fruit taken out of his next month's wages or of skipping the gutter.

He concluded to skip, and once more he was out of a job.

After loafing a few days, he finally found another job, in a stat where a truckman boarded several mules, and here, as assistant to the ostler, he had a new career opened to him.

It took him some time to get the hang of things, but the man over him took particular pains to show him, so that he could make him do his work.

He was a colored man, and as lazy as he was black, and so he made it his business to put as much upon Sam as possible, while he laid off and picked upon an old banjo.

One day he set Sam to rubbing off a mule.

"Now yer wants ter be keerful, child, fo' dis yer muel am a dancer," said he.

"D-d-dancer!" exclaimed Sam.
 "Yas—a high kicker."
 "Oh, he k-k-kicks, eh?"
 "Kick! lor' bress yer, he can kick a train of cars off der track, bulgine an' all."
 "Git out!"
 "Fac', honey. Seed him do it plenty times."
 "Kick when yer c-c-cleanin' him?"
 "Fo' to be shuah. It kinder makes him feel so good dat he wants ter play wid his heels, so look out how yer make him feel good, honey."
 "All right;" and Sam led the mule out into the yard preparatory to rubbing him down, while Sambo began playing on his banjo.
 But the warning he had received made him timid,

"I'll s-s-show yer."
 Taking an old rake handle Sam proceeded to tie the comb on one end of it so that he could use it, and at the same time keep out of the reach of those dangerous heels.
 Sambo watched him with an open grin as big as a barn door.
 "Yer can't fool dat yer muel wid ncne ob dem things. He mus' hab his fun or die."
 "He c-c-can't have n-n-no f-f-fun with me," replied Sam.
 "Den he will grow poor fo' shuah."
 "W-w-wait a bit, an' I'll give him all de f-f-fun he w-w-wants."
 His next move was to take an old hat and coat, and

mule as quite an ingenious one, and after watching him several times, he concluded that the animal was so much in love with the Yakee trick, that he didn't care about kicking live men any more, and so one day he ventured near his heels.
 But he soon learned that the mule loved live meat to kick just as well as ever, and the result was that he was knocked into the middle of the yard like a damaged teapot.
 This he blamed Sam for, believing that he had tickled him somehow just at the right moment, causing him to kick. And this was in reality a fact, for Sam knew just how to make the mule heave out his hind legs, and had done the little job which sent the boss into a manure pile.



The woman caught up a ten-pound codfish by the tail, and began to belabor poor Sam over the head and shoulders.

and he worked at arm's length. This didn't appear to "tickle" the mule much. On the contrary, he seemed to be mad because he wasn't tickled, this being a fair sample of the temper of such beasts, and he began to act suspiciously.

"Hole on dar, honey; don' yer see him begin ter teeter behin'? Heah, lemme show yer how ter come it ober dat yer muel," said Sambo, laying down his banjo and taking the comb. "Whoa, dar, yer high kicker! Don't yor fool wid yer boss or I'll gib yer a bust in yer ear."

Seizing the comb and brush he began going over the animal roughly, both to show Sam how to do it and to convince the mule that he was really his boss.

But who ever knew a mule to have a boss?

This one seemed impatient for a little sport, and when Sambo got around into a good position he just let fly those heels, and sent him over backwards, landing him upon his banjo, and causing it to play its last tune.

"Whoa, dar!" grunted Sambo, picking himself up slowly, while Sam looked awfully frightened. "Whoa! Didn't I tole yer dat he was a kicker?"

"I sh-sh-should say he w-w-was. Did it h-h-hurt yer?"

"Hurt! Why, bress yer, I'se used ter dat sort ob playfulness wid dat yer muel."

"P-p-playfulness!"

"Dat's nuffin when yer gets used ter it."

"Guess I d-d-don't c-c-care 'bout getting used ter it," said Sam, grinning.

"Take der comb an' try it."

"N-n-not much."

"Got ter do it, honey."

"Or b-b-bounce?"

Sam began to have a horror of being bounced.

"Fo' shuah."

"I'll f-f-fix him," said he, as though a sudden idea had struck him.

"How's dat?"

by nailing them to the side of the stable, he managed to rig up quite a dummy; at all events something resembling a man sufficiently well to deceive a mule, after which he led him around, and tied him in such a way that he could see it over his shoulder.

Then he began to rub him with the curry comb, and a more comical picture than it was is rarely seen.

Presently the mule began to feel good, and glancing around he espied the dummy, and up went his heels at it, bang.

Sambo laughed until the top of his head seemed ready to fall over his back.

Sam kept at work with his long-handled tool, and every five minuees up would go that mule's hind legs, and then he would look around in a disappointed way, to think that he hadn't succeeded in kicking that supposed man into the middle of next week.

This trick worked with all the mules, although he did not have to employ the long handle with only one other besides the one for whom it was originally made. But every day he allowed them to practice on that dummy while he was cleaning them off, and they finally liked it so well that he had no further trouble.

"Dat yer am a great chile, dat cock-eyed splutterer, Sam," said Sambo, to the boss one day.

"Do you think so?"

"Look yer now," and he pointed to where Sam was rubbing off the "high kicker," and allowing the mule to work off his "feel good" by kicking the dummy.

"I tole yer dat boy's a genius if he am homely."

"I think you are the genius, Sambo," said the boss.

"How dat?"

"Because you contrive to make him do all the work while you do the heavy laying off."

"Boss, dat yer muel hab kick de youf all out ob me, an' I'se an ole man now, almos'."

The boss retired laughing, and Sambo stole out of sight to do some more "laying off."

It was a fact that the owner of the stable looked upon Sam's contrivance for currying the kicking

The man got up and attempted to get square by kicking Sam, but that mule wanted some of the fun, and kept running around the yard, trying to get his heels in, but which the owner eluded only by getting quickly out.

But he waited until the mule was taken to his stall, and then he went for Sam, intending to kick him all to pieces. But the stable dog, who had taken a strange fancy so the homely youth, put in an objection by grabbing the boss by the leg, and causing a turn in affairs, and away he ran, howling with pain.

This settled poor Sam, and the next day he was paid and discharged.

"You big fool!" said Sambo, indignantly. "Why you no luff him kick yer, an' den you no get bounce?"

"S-s-s'pose I'm going ter be kicked?"

"Amn't he de boss?"

"I-I-I don't c-c-care if he is, I w-w-won't let him k-k-kick me if I c-c-can help it."

"All right fo' you, honey; but if you am a gwine ter be so proud and tickler as all dat, you don't stay long in a place, you heah?"

"I w-w-won't stand it, if you will."

"Den you don't know yer business, dat's all. I goes fer ter say, dat if a man am a boss an' pay he money, he hab a right fo' ter kick jes' who he like ter."

"A-a-all right. None in mine. I-I-I'm a real Yankee if I do s-s-stutter and I-I-I look two ways f-f-for Sunday, an' I-I-I w-w-won't stand any s-s-such n-n-nonsense, so good-by."

"Good-by, chile; but I wouldn't be so proud like you be fo' puffin. You die poo' jus' so shuah as you born; mind me now, honey."

"W-w-well, I'll d-d-die g-g-game, anyhow. Y-y-you stay an' be k-k-kicked, I-I-I'll go somewhere an' k-k-kick s-s-somebody else," saying which he took his little bundle of worldly goods, and started out upon the street, bounced again.

PART III.

SAM felt rather lonely after being bounced from his last place, and scarcely knew which way to go in order to get another one.

But he had a companion in his misery, for the stable dog which had taken such a liking to him, and which had defended him so valiantly when the boss attempted to give him a kicking, had followed him, as if determined to share his fortunes.

He was a big Scotch terrier, savage and plucky as a tiger, but quite as homely as Sam was himself.

"G-g-going with me, Snapper?" he asked.

The dog looked up with much intelligence, wagging his stump tail, as much as to say: "You bet I ain't!"

"All right; we'll be p-p-pards," and he patted him on the head.

Sam tried to think, as he walked along, what he should try his hand at next, and if there really was any luck for a homely, unfortunate boy in the world.

Snapper walked along by his side, and he, too, appeared to be in deep thought; but presently a big dog, with an aristocratic collar on and chuck full of bully, came along and made a snap at Snapper's tail.

In less time than it takes a dog to shake a good sized tail, there was a fight—a regular old rough-and-tumble; and in exactly half a minute that aristocratic dog was licked, and went kioodling down the street.

"B-b-bully boy!" exclaimed Sam, but just as he did so a policeman came upon the scene.

"Here! whose dog is that?" he demanded, pointing with his club to Snapper.

"I-I-I d-d-don't own him," replied Sam.

"Who set them fighting?"

"Nobody."

"Don't you lie."

"They s-s-set themselves f-f-fightin'."

"I don't believe it."

"F-f-fact. That d-d-dog c-c-came 'long an' s-s-snapped at this one, an' he l-licked the cheese r-r-right out of him in a m-m-minute."

"Now you look out, for if I catch you setting that dog on to any other dog, I'll take you in, understand?"

"Y-y-yes."

"Well, then, move on. You're a handsome couple, I must say," and the officer turned to go.

"M-m-much obliged. We f-f-feel pretty good, too, y-y-you bet," said Sam.

"Well, see that you don't feel good enough to get up another fight, that's all."

"B-b-better talk to the d-d-dog; I ain't responsible f-f-for what he does."

"Oh, I understand. Now skip out."

Snapper eyed the officer just as though he would have liked to have sampled his meat.

But without waiting for any further chin; Sam continued his way towards the North River, leaving the guardian of the peace leisurely swinging his club and earning his money on the "beat."

"T-t-trying ter cheat us out of our f-f-fun, arn't they, s-s-Snapper?" said he, as the dog trotted along by his side.

The dog wagged what there was left of his tail, and looked exceedingly knowing.

So Sam sauntered on until he came to the docks on the river, covered with all sorts of vessels. Being tired, he took a seat on the string-piece of a wharf, and after gazing around for some time, "taking in" all there was to be seen, he finally turned his attention to an old Dutchman who sat fishing close by.

But Snapper had been paying attention to him some moments before, and was quietly sampling the fish the old fellow had caught. They were little ones, but the dog appeared to like them just as well as though they had been ten pounders.

Sam noticed the transaction, but being a friend of the dog and a stranger to the fisherman, he concluded to say nothing and let Snapper have the benefit of his find.

He had just got the last one down his throat, when the Dutchman pulled up another.

"Ah, by tam! You was fool rount some more mit mine pait, perhaps, don'd it?" he said, aloud, as he took the fish from his hook. "Py chingoes! you hafe eat more pait from mine hook as is pigger dan yourself. But I git square mit you ven I gets you inside out on dot frying-pan, I bade you."

He threw it down behind him, and Snapper got outside of it before the old fellow had his hook baited again.

It tickled Sam so he held his sides with suppressed laughter, and he resolved to see how the thing would end.

The old man felt another bite before long, and pulled in his hook earnestly.

"Py jimminy! I have a pig von here," he muttered. And so he had.

But it wasn't a big fish.

On the contrary, it was a big boot that had long lain in the bottom of the river, and when he pulled it in, the change of expression which swept over his face was curious to see.

"Got in Himmel! vot vos dot? Bah! dot vos von old poot. Now, I venter me how vos dot, onyhov? I feel a pite right away quick, unt I pull me dot in unt it was a poot. Dot vas der funniest ting dot I efer see. A poot pite a clam!" and he laughed heartily at the idea.

He took it from his hook and threw it out upon the dock.

"You fools me no more of my pait out," said he, proceeding to rebait his hook.

Snapper walked to where the boot lay, and took a cautious smell of it, and then he looked at Sam as much as to say:

"Didn't the old man get fooled?"

After waiting a few moments he pulled up another fish nearly twice as large as he had taken before.

"Oh, py hokey, look at dot! Dot vot pig enough for a chowder. I dink me dot I vill start a fish market, und catch all der fish mineself. Oh, he vas a peauty. He make me so hungry as never vas in mine pelly before, right away."

He threw the fish down behind him with the others as he thought, but Snapper was on the lookout, and seeing that the man had made a mistake, he corrected it by really putting it away with the others.

Snapper was having a first-class time, and evidently regarded the old Dutchman as a very good friend to hungry dogs; but the trouble was to come.

Presently he pulled up another.

"Oh, I guess nod. Mine frow she say dot I vas so pig tam chackass, dot I catch me no fish. Now, I show her vat I vas, I bade you."

And when he caught another, he actually laughed for joy.

"Oh, maybe nod! Dot make 'boud twendy, I guess," and he turned around on his seat to get a look at his catch.

Snapper stood there, ready to take in the last one caught.

That Dutchman looked at the dog and then at the spot where his fish had lain, and the dog looked at him with pleasant earnestness in his face.

"Cot in Himmel!" he exclaimed, swinging himself up upon the dock.

Snapper appeared to think he wanted to play with him.

And so he did, but it wouldn't be much of a frolic if the Dutchman could only have his way.

"Vare vos dem fishes?" he demanded, just as though he expected the dog to talk.

Sam pretended to be looking another way, but owing to his being cock-eyed, he could do so with the greatest ease, and see all that was going on at the same time.

"Hafe you ead dem fishes, you son of a gun?" and seizing a large stick which lay near at hand, he went for Snapper, just as though he calculated to knock every fish out of him.

The dog evidently didn't believe that Dutchy was in earnest, and feeling first-rate himself, and at peace with all mankind, he ran to where Sam was standing, and capered around, with the wrath Dutchman following him closely.

"W-w-what's the m-m-matter?" asked Sam.

"Donder ant Blixen!" said he, stopping short and regarding Sam. "If you tole me some more vot dot madder vos, I giub you on der snood!"

"D-d-don't g-g-get y-y-your pants off, old m-m-man."

"Go to ter tyde mit your pants. Is dot your tog?"

he asked, pointing to Snapper.

"No."

"I dinks me dot you lie."

"Got a B-b-bible w-w-with yer?"

"Vot for I do dot foolishness?"

"Well, if y-y-you have, I'll swear On it that it isn't m-m-my dog."

"Vell, he vos humbly enough to be your tog. He have eat mine peautiful fishes, und I kick der stuffin' out of him mit dis giub," and he went for Snapper again.

But Snapper had by this time come to the conclusion that the Dutchman was not in for a frolic, and was mad about something. So instead of sporting around as he had done before, he waited until he got close up, and was just on the point of knocking him all to pieces with his club, when he dodged out of harm's way, and was all ready to grab him by the back of his baggy pants as he swung around. And a boy who had come upon the scene took his hook and line and ran away with it.

Then commenced one of the most comical tussles that was even seen. The Dutchman was yelling all sorts of murder in German and broken English, and at the same time he whirled around so fast for the purpose of getting at his tormentor with the cudgel that he threw the dog from his feet, and whirled him around in the air with his legs at least a foot above the ground.

But Snapper held on like brick-dust to a bar of soap, and, finally, after the Dutchman got tired, and stopped long enough to allow the dog to touch the ground with his feet again, he put forth all his force and ripped the seat right out of his pants, leaving him with a very short coat and a hole large enough to tax an ulster.

The Dutchman fairly bellowed with anger and fear, and finally Sam called the dog away.

"Cot for tam! How vas dose dings?" he mused.

Snapper gave a sharp bark as though attempting to answer the conundrum, and he was on the point of going for him again when Sam spoke to him and he refrained.

"Oh, py tam, vare vas a bolicemans? I hafe dot tog sent to der Island for life. Look ad me!" and he clapped both hands over the big break in his trousers.

"Vas dere some blood?"

"N-n-no—only t-t-tore a little."

"Mine Cot—mine Cot! Vat shall I do? Af I go on ter streed, up I shall be arrested for ondecient exposure."

"Shake out another r-r-reef in y-y-your c-c-coat-tail!" and Sam grinned like a tickled cat.

"I like me nod dot foolishness dot you make mit me."

"Oh, t-t-that's all right."

"I say me no, dot is nod all righd. Look ad my torn pehint, and vare is all my peautiful fishes gone? Oh, I shall go grazy mit my troubles! Und vare is mine fish-hook gone?" he added, looking around for it.

"G-g-guess the dog hasn't sw-sw-swallowed it," said Sam, with another grin.

"Oh, mine Cot! Vat vare all dem dings against me for all der dime," he whined.

"B-b-better l-l-look out for y-y-your rip, for h-h-here comes a c-c-cop."

The persecuted Dutchman glanced up towards the street, and sure enough there came a policeman.

Thinking that perhaps there was more trouble in store for him, he hastily took off his coat, and taking it by the two arms, he tied them around his waist, with the body of the coat behind, in such a way that it quite covered up the awful rent in the seat of his trousers, and thus protected, he started for home.

He had enjoyed all the fishing he cared for that day, and a more thoroughly demoralized Dutchman than he was could not be found in all New York.

Sam laughed until he could see stars. He hadn't had so much fun since he came to Gotham, and nobody enjoyed a lark of that kind better than he did, homely though he was.

But it was nearly night now, and as yet he had accomplished nothing but a bellyful of fun, and however good that may be, he began to feel as though he needed something more substantial.

Snapper had a full stomach, however, thanks to the Dutchman, and now Sam concluded that he ought to have a chance.

"Wonder what sort of a sailor I'd make?" he mused, as he walked down to the end of the wharf, where a sloop, loaded with brick, was being discharged.

"Good mind to try it," he thought.

"Who's b-b boss?" he asked, looking down upon the deck of the sloop.

"Boss of what; piling brick?" asked one of the men who was piling the articles.

"N-n-no; boss of the sloop."

"I'm the captain. Why?" said another.

"Want ter hire me?"

"Hire you!" said he, in surprise.

"Y-y-yes."

"For what?"

"To h-h-help."

"Help what—talk?" said the captain, laughing.

"I'll do anything y-y-you t-t-tell me to."

"Oh, you will, hey? Well, I'll tell you to go away. Will you do that?"

"But y-y-you haven't hired me yet."

"Well, have I got to hire you before I can get you to go? Does the dog want a job, too?"

"Y-y-yes, sir."

"Well, you look so much alike that it would be a shame to separate you."

This caused a laugh at Sam's expense.

"He's a bully watch dog."

"What'll he watch, a bone?"

"Y-y-you bet he will."

The captain was silent for a moment.

"Ever sailed any?"

"No, sir."

"Never been on the water at all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, you have. Where?"

"I h-h-hooked a ride from Boston."

"Oh, you did, hey? Well, you come with first-rate recommendations."

"Well, I—I—I wanted to g-g-get here somehow."

"Streets too narrow there, hey?"

"I d' know."

"Too narrow for your feet," said he, glancing at Sam's big feet.

This created another laugh.

"If your feet weren't so big I'd hire you."

"I'll have 'em gutted, if you say so; or I'll chop 'em off, if th-th-that'll please you b-b-better," said Sam, mounting a big grin.

"Well, I'll try you one trip, and if you are all right, and your feet don't get in the way of the cargo, why, perhaps I'll keep you."

"All r-r-right."

"When can you come?"

"I'm here now."

"But—"

"I'm here n-n-now; I've got no home."

"Oh, you're a vag', hey?"

"No."

"Where did you work last?"

"In a stable on Seventh avenue."

"What made you leave?"

"Boss kicked me out."

"What for?"

"Because a mule kicked him."

"Well, that's a queer reason, certainly. But I guess you're honest enough."

"I'm no churchman, but I guess I'm square."

"And so is your dog, I suppose."

"Oh, y-y-yes."

"All right. Come aboard and begin at once."

"Where do y-y-you go?"

"Up the river to Haverstraw for brick; why?"

"N-n-nothing. Only wanted to know."

"Come aboard here, and let me learn you how to chuck brick."

"All right," said Sam, and he jumped down upon the deck of the sloop, followed by Snapper, and once more he was the owner of a job.

The crew of the *Big George* consisted of the captain and one man, who was consequently first mate, second mate, third mate, and crew.

They were a trifle short-handed, and that was why the captain hired Sam and his dog.

The day's work was nearly over, and Sam's first experience as a sailor consisted in eating his supper out of a big stew-pan.

But in this he was assisted by the captain and "crew." The stew-pan contained a mess of meat and vegetables boiled up together, and each man was given a big fork with which to stab and bring out whatever fortune favored him with hitting.

As for Snapper, a bone or two was chucked at him, but having a belly full of fish, he turned up his nose at meaner things and concluded not to try them until he got hungry.

That night he bunked in a little sort of a coop down in the cabin. No watch was kept on deck, for there was nothing to steal but bricks, and so both captain and crew slept in peaceful security.

But Snapper was on hand. He knew his business first-rate, whether on land or water, and so he kept his wicked eye out.

It was lucky he did, for about midnight some river-pirates, out in search of "junk," or whatever else might fall in their way, came aboard the sloop and commenced to cut away the rigging, that being the only thing they could get away with.

Snapper didn't exactly like it, and so he concluded to sample one of the pirates.

But the pirate didn't like it either.

He kicked and howled.

And his friend made matters worse by trying to shoot the dog, instead of which he put two or three bullets into his pal's legs, and then, knowing that they were in danger, they began to talk retreat, when the captain and "crew" rushed upon deck and secured them.

They were convicted the next day and sent to States Prison, while Snapper was regarded on all hands as being the gamest and most faithful dog alive.

So far as the dog was concerned, the captain considered that he had a jewel in him, and if the homely master was only as smart in proportion as the dog was, there was little show of regretting that he had made him a part of his crew.

The next day they finished unloading the brick and sailed again for Haverstraw for another load, and Sam was on the wobbly water as a sailor for the first time.

But don't any of you get to whistling that it is easy to be even a "flat water" sailor, for it is nothing of the kind, and Stuttering Sam was not long in finding it out.

Even Snapper found enough to do, for the sloop was overrun with rats, and it was just old peaches to see him go for them. In fact, it was about all the amusement they had on board.

"H-h-how d'you l-l-like it, Snapper?" asked Sam, patting the dog on his head.

Snapper looked up, wagged his stump tail, and gave a low bark, which seemed to say: "Bully!"

The scenery along the Hudson is beautiful, and Sam was able to take in both sides the river at the same time without turning around, on account of being blessed with a cock eye; but he didn't enjoy it much, for the captain kept him continually at work.

Finally they arrived at their destination, and Sam was left in charge of the sloop while the captain and the other man went ashore to see their friends, and now he was boss of himself and the dog, as well as of the sloop, it being late in the afternoon and cargo not being quite ready to take in.

While taking in as much of the flat little brick-making town as he could from the deck of the sloop, an old, fat, colored woman, having chickens and eggs to sell, came on board. Snapper kept his eye on her.

"Whar am de cap'n, honey?" she asked, setting down her basket.

"C-c-cap'n Honey d-d-don't run this ark," said Sam, looking on both sides of her at once.

"Drefff smart, arn't ye? Guess you am one ob dem New York boys. Whar am de boss?"

"Gone ashore t-t-to have his voice scraped."

"What?"

"Got a b-b-bad c-c-cold and c-c-can't talk p-p-plain."

"Well, honey, 'pears like he should hab took yea 'long wid him."

"M-m-my v-v-voice's all right, but I'm so pious I-I-I s-s-sutter, th-th-that's all."

"Go 'way wid yer foolishness. You pious!" and the old aunty laughed heartily. "Do yer want ter perambulate around some nice spring chickens?"

"W-w-wouldn't mind. Haven't had nothin' but s-s-salt hoss ever since I came a-a-aboard."

"Want some fresh eggs? laid 'em myself."

"N-n-no. Guess they're crows' eggs."

"How long 'fo' de boss'll be heah?" she asked, without noticing what Sam said.

"He'll b-b-be here in th-th-the morning, an' if you'll w-w-wait, we'll t-t-take the price of y-y-your l-l-lodging in ch-ch-chickens an' eggs," said Sam, laughing.

"Stop your nonsense," said she, going towards him, as though to box his ears.

The moment she left her basket, Snapper seized a chicken and ran with it, but he had gone only a few steps before she discovered the theft.

"Whoa, dar—whoa!" she yelled. "Bring back dat chicken!" and she started for him, chasing him from one end of the sloop to the other, and yelling at the top of her voice.

But in her eagerness to recover her property, she was not as careful as she might have been, and stubbing her toe against a coil of rope, she tumbled overboard.

Here was a nice state of affairs, but Sam was equal to the emergency, and by the time she arose to the surface, he had a rope for her to catch. Three or four men in the vicinity ran to his assistance, a rope was made fast around her fat waist, and with the assistance of the hoisting tackle, she was pulled out of the drink, kicking, squalling, and spitting out the water she had taken in.

PART IV.

THE misfortune attending the old colored woman from whom the dog Snapper had stolen a chicken

which she came on board to sell, will be remembered, as, also, how Sam and several others hoisted her out of the water with a tackle and fall.

They let her drip a moment before they lowered her to the dock, during which time Snapper finished the chicken, and she had sworn enough to lift a man's wig off.

"Lordy, but I war nigh drown! But neber min', I shall took de law on yer, fo' shuah," she said.

"What! take the law on a boy for rescuing you from drowning?" asked one of the men who had helped pull her out of the moisture.

"But dat cussed dog; he stole my chicken, an' I took de law on him, anyhow," she said, wringing the water from her skirts.

"Well, y-y-er all right n-n-now, arn't yer?" asked Sam, looking on both sides of her at once with his cock eye, and grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Don't yer gib me any ob yer slack, you boy, or I jes lam yer down on de deck an' set down all ober yer. Grut fool! I neber war treated so bad afore in my born days."

"N-n-never got w-w-washed afore?" asked Sam, at the same time getting behind one of the men.

"I jes luf you know, you boy, if I gets hold on you. Who pay me fo' dat chicken—dat's what I wants ter know?"

"Th-th-the dog," suggested Sam.

"How dat?" she asked, sharply.

"Didn't he g-g-get yer hen?"

"In de fus' place, you boy, I'd hab you know dat dat war no hen. It war a spring chicken."

"W-w-well, I-I guess it w-w-was, for Snapper's a d-d-dainty s-s-sort of a cuss, an' very p-p-particular 'bout what he e-e-eats."

"Who pays me fo' dat chicken?"

"The d-d-dog."

"Stop yer foolin' wid me; I'se old 'nough fo' ter be yer mudder, an' I don't want no trundel-bed trash makin' fun ob me—you heah? Now somebody hab got ter pay me fo' dat chicken, or I stay heah all night."

"All right; I'll t-take it out in lodging, aunty."

"What I tole yer 'bout dat foolin'?"

"Stay right here until you're paid," said one of the men who had assisted her out of the water; and with that they all went away laughing, leaving Sam to fight it out with her.

"Guess it am none ob yer funeral, anyway," she replied. "Mind yer own taters an' gravy."

"S-s-snapper, arn't y-y-you 's-s-shamed of yourself?" asked Sam, turning to the dog.

"Shamed! Dat mangy-lookin' cur 'shamed ob he-self? Wal, dat beats me. Am dat yer dog?"

"N-n-no, ma'am."

"Don't add lyin' to yer udder nonsense. Who am de boss ob dat dog? dat's what I'se whistlin', chile."

"He's his o-o-own b-b-boss."

"But who owns him?"

"M-m-man in N-N-New York."

"Don't lie ter me, yer boy, or I shall fo'get dat I am a lady, an' go fo' yer scalp. Who am de rightful proprietor ob dat dog?"

"I-I-I tole y-y-you. Man in N-N-New York."

"What am he doin' up heah?"

"T-t-traveling f-f-for his h-h-health."

"Don't fool wid me!"

"N-n-no, ma'am. I arn't th-th-that kind of a h-h-hair p-p-pin. Man sent him up with us f-f-for his h-h-health."

"All right. Dat man he pay me fo' dat spring chicken dat he eat fo' his health, and don't you go an' neglect rememberin' it. I go see de cap'n an' tole all 'bout de outrage dat I hab underwent."

"All right. He'll b-b-be here in the m-m-morning."

"An' you spec I gwine stay heah all night?" she asked, with much indignation.

"T-t-then c-c-come t-t-to-morrow."

"An' maybe dat de ship hab sail an' I get fool' out ob my pay. No, honey, I amn't half so big a fool as I look. You am de boss ob dat yer purp, an' you mus' pay me for dat spring chicken, or I tear yer all ter pieces."

"Look out f-f-for the d-d-dog, aunty."

"I look out fo' my pay, an' don't you go for to forgettin' 'bout dat."

"H-h-how m-m-much is it?"

"Fifty cents, fo' shuah."

"G-g-gracious!"

"I know dat it am pretty dear dog meat, bnt business am business ebry time. You pay me, an' den you hab a chance fo' ter git it out ob de owner, besides habin' all de fun kickin' de dog fo' his misbehavior."

"All r-r-right," said Sam, handing her the money.

"Th-th-that makes us s-s-square."

"You am right, honey, an' I fergive yer."

"But aren't y-y-you g-g-goin' ter p-p-pay me f-f-for getting y-y-you out of the w-w-water?"

"How dat?" she asked, in astonishment.

"T-t-they ask ten d-d-dollars apiece f-f-for rescuing f-f-folks in N-N-New York."

"But how 'bout dat cussed dog?"

"I h-h-had nothing t-t-to do with y-y-your rumpus with th-th-the dog. Y-y-you were trying t-t-to catch him, an' t-t-tumbled overboard, an' I rescued y-y-you. F-f-five dollars if y-y-you please," said he, holding out his hand.

"Go 'way chile."

"F-f-five d-d-dollars, p-p-please," and he looked as sober as such a comical-looking chap could look as he said it.

"Stop yer foolin' wid de ole woman, chile," said she, taking up her basket as if to go.

"F-f-fifty cents back then."

"Squit your nonsense."

"S-s-set the d-d-dog on yer, then."

"Den I go fo' de law."

"N-n-no y-y-you won't."

"How dat?"

"Because he'll eat y-y-you all up."

"Nonsense."

"S-S-Snapper, here!" he called.

The dog looked up at her. She didn't exactly turn pale, but as she looked down at that ornery dog, she felt as though a ten-mile start of him in a ten-minute race would be a desirable thing.

"D-d-dust out that fifty."

"Am you in earnest, chile?"

"Y-y-you bet I am."

"Den took you bad ole fifty cents, you cock-eyed, big-footed, red-headed, knock-kneed son of a sea-cook; I wouldn't had it noways," saying which she threw it at him, and walked ashore, at the same time raking him fore and aft with her tongue.

"T-t-that's all right, aunty," replied Sam. "But got th-th-the b-b-best of m-m-me on the r-r-rescue p-p-price."

"I get de best ob you some time, fo' shuah, so look out fo' me, fo' I'se bad!" and with this she flaunted herself up the street.

"I-I-I say, S-S-Snapper, th-th-that was a cheap m-meal, w-w-wasn't it?" said he, turning and addressing his four-legged companion.

Snapper wagged his stumpy tail and gave a short, sharp bark to signify that he agreed with him.

The following day they began to take in cargo, and during the next week it was nothing but hard work, carrying bricks on board the sloop and stowing them away in ship shape.

Then came the sail back to New York, but it was unattended by any particular incident worth recording, beyond the fact of Sam's getting knocked overboard by the main boom while "tacking," and his rescue from a watery swim by the captain.

In fact, he made three or four trips in the *Big George*, and became quite a sailor, and although he was rather clumsy, the captain regarded him as a very fair boy, and would sooner have him than one who was homelier and more clumsy.

So you see Sam had quite as good as a poor show for becoming a favorite, and ultimately the captain of a brick sloop, which was great.

But good luck had been on his side quite as long as it could afford to be, evidently, for on the occasion of his last trip, and while in New York, he put his big feet into it again in this wise.

The captain had a very jealous wife, and if all accounts were true, she had pretty good cause for so being.

Sam had seen her several times, but of course knew nothing of the little picnic between them, for love or jealousy had never yet worked into his mug.

Now, there was a certain saloon near the wharf in New York, kept by a buxom Dutch widow, at which the captain spent much of his time and money.

Of this his wife had heard vague hints, and finally she resolved to see for herself.

Planning the time about right, she arrived in the city, and at once went to the sloop, although she knew that the day's work was done, and that if her husband was at all wayward, this would be a good time to catch him.

Sam knew where the captain was always to be found when away from the sloop, but as he suspected nothing wrong, he gave it no thought, farther than to know where to find him in case he was wanted.

"Where is Captain Smith?" asked the wife, as she came on board where Sam held sole watch.

Seeing the captain's wife, he half tumbled to something—what, he hardly knew—and so he said he was not certain where he was, but if she would come on board and wait, he would go and see if he could find him.

"Oh, he must be up at the Widow Schwab's saloon, I guess," she said, briskly and carelessly enough to throw Sam off his guard.

"I—I—I guess so. I-I-I'll go f-f-for him," he answered, starting.

"Well, never mind; I'll go and see him there. You just show me where it is."

Sam said "Certainly," as quick as he could, and together they started for the saloon.

Now, before they get there, in order that the situation may be thoroughly understood, it may as well be known that the captain was passing as a single man with the Widow Schwab, and was paying the most devoted attentions to her, all of which she rather liked.

He was at her little saloon that evening, and was soon full of her beer, and ready to swear almost anything that he would do if she would only be his.

He had pulled her down upon his knee, for the place hadn't another solitary customer just then, and was telling her all about how happy they would be when they were married, when Sam opened the door and entered the saloon, followed by Mrs. Smith.

In fact, Smith was so absorbed that he did not notice the entrance, and kept right on, giving his wife a first-rate chance to see how the land lay.

"Mr. Smith, h-h-here's your wife," said Sam,

The Widow Schwab leaped to her feet, and so did Mr. Smith, while Mrs. Smith strode towards him with thunder and lightning in her eyes.

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed Smith.

"Cot in Himmel!" murmured the Widow Schwab.

"Indeed, Mr. Smith," sneered the wife, "I hope I have not disturbed you and your lady companion."

"Oh, go to the devil!" said Smith, turning away, utterly taken aback and confounded, for he would as soon have expected to see one rise from the dead as to meet his wife under such circumstances.

"Fut vas dot dings you speak 'bout ladies?" asked the Widow Schwab, who was not slow to perceive the sneer.

"There is no occasion to speak of ladies here."

"Sam, I'll just kill you for this," said the captain, speaking aside to him.
 "S-s-she—" he began.
 "Git out!" and Sam did git.
 In fact, he saw now that he had innocently made a mistake, and the best thing he could do was to get out of the way until the blow was over.
 "Who vas you be onyway?" demanded Mrs. Schwab, coming boldly up to her.
 "I am unfortunate enough to be the wife of that miserable wretch," said she, pointing to Smith.
 "Den dot serves you both right."
 "Don't you dare talk to me, you shameless thing."
 "Yaw, und I gife you some smack in der snood."
 "No, you will not."

But one day he struck an old farmer whom he met at Washington Market, and after talking a short time, Sam was engaged to work on a farm, and was told to jump into the farm wagon and go right along.

He did as ordered, and Snapper followed joyfully along behind, evidently knowing that good luck had overtaken his young master in some way.

The farm lay about fifteen miles from the city, and the journey thither in that old farm wagon without springs was certainly no pleasure drive; but while on the way Sam gave an account of himself which appeared to interest the farmer very much.

His name was Jones; and on arriving at the farmhouse, he found the family to consist of Mrs. Jones and

One or two of the half-dozen he could get along with well enough after a few trials, for they would stand still and "give down" to almost anybody who attempted to milk them.

But there was one cow that seemed to be possessed of an evil spirit, and it was as much as her milk was worth, and nearly as much as one's neck was worth, to attempt to extract her lacteal fluid.

She would kick and hook, and put her foot in the pail, and do all sorts of mean things whenever anybody attempted to manipulate her. In fact, she had given Farmer Jones two or three "lifts" with her hind legs which had nearly broken him up, and caused him to talk for some time afterwards like almost anybody but a good, pious church member.



He put forth all his force and ripped the seat right out of his pants, leaving him with a very short coat and a hole large enough to tax an ulster.

"I bade you dot I vill."
 "Stop this row," said Smith, coming between them.
 "What's that you say, you wretch?"
 "Shut up, and leave the place!" and he attempted to turn her towards the door.
 But Mrs. Smith was no chicken, and the moment he placed his hand on her, she drew off and gave him a dig in the eye, biff!
 "Take that, you dirty loafer!"
 "Good, by jingoes, und dake dot!" exclaimed the widow; and she gave him one on the other eye even harder than his wife did.
 In fact, they both went for him tooth, nail, and fist, and gave him a most unmerciful handling; and from which he was glad to escape by rushing from the little saloon and making for the sloop as fast as his legs would carry him.
 Well, that was what settled Sam, and he would certainly have got a good kicking in the bargain had it not been for Snapper, of whom the captain stood much in fear.

Bounced again! thought he, as he made his way up the wharf with his little bundle of wordly goods, and followed by his faithful friend, Snapper.

He knew, of course, what it was for, but he also knew that he was not to blame, as the reader does. But that didn't help his case any, neither did it tend to make the captain feel any better.

And so he started for somewhere. Out again as he had been several times before in his life, but still he was plucky and would not give up.

That night he slept in an empty box on one of the wharves, and Snapper stood guard.

He had money enough to buy a lodging with, but the weather was warm and he thought it best to hold on to every penny he could, not knowing how long it would be before he got another job.

He loafed around a day or two in New York without finding anything to do, although he never ceased looking for something.

their daughter, Jane, and a fellow who came evenings and Sundays to court her.

Both mother and daughter laughed heartily as the farmer brought him to the house, and introduced him to them as a future member of the household.

"Never mind," said Farmer Jones. "He is like a singed cat—better than he looks."

"Was he the worst-looking boy you could find in New York?" asked his daughter.

"Never mind. I'll bet he has got good stuff in him, and will make a good farmer."

"And that dog—you are certainly not going to keep him, are you?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Well, the boy and dog are fast friends."

"And well-mated, so far as looks are concerned."

"And I couldn't get one without taking the other."

"Well, pa, we never need have any fear of tramps so long as we keep them about the place."

While this conversation was going on, Sam was out in the wash-house, scrubbing some of the dirt from the visible portions of his body preparatory to eating his supper, and when he made his appearance at the table there was quite an improvement in his looks.

After supper he helped the farmer do some chores, and before dark became quite well acquainted with the general lay of the land.

It was plain to him that Mr. Jones was the only friend he had in the family; but as he had never had many friends in his lifetime, he was glad to feel that he had even one, and so he went cheerfully to bed.

The next morning he was up bright and early, and went about doing the chores and whistling as merry as a lark, for never in his whole life had he slept in such a soft bed and had so good a prospect as now, and he resolved to keep his place as long as he could.

But about the first thing that Farmer Jones learned him to do was to milk the cows.

This, however, was not an easy thing to do, as every one knows who has ever attempted to learn the business.

He did not attempt to put Sam on this cow until he had learned to milk and manage the others, but by that time he felt as though he had been knocked over and stepped on times enough, and if that sort of a thing was to continue, he wanted somebody else to enact the second part, the part of the person who received the kicking.

So Sam was introduced to her, but with a fair Christian warning, and possessing the faculty of looking two ways at the same time, and of gazing all around a cow while at work upon her milk factory, he concluded that he had nothing to fear.

And he began to milk her.

She looked around, recognizing a strange touch, but seeing Sam with one eye on the milk pail and the other regarding her forward works, she seemed greatly puzzled, and before she could recover from her perplexity, he had extracted all of her marketable juice and retired in triumph.

"Oh, it's all animal magnetism," said good Farmer Jones, who watched the strange behavior of the cow that had given him so much trouble. "It all depends upon personal attraction. Now I never milked that heifer that she didn't kick, or hook, or something that made things lively for me as well as the milk pail. But you did it without any trouble. Well—well, some folks have enough animal magnetism about them to quiet a breachy cow, and others can't tame a frog."

Sam felt flattered at this, although he had no more idea what animal magnetism was than the cow did herself. But that he was regarded well by his boss made him feel first-rate, and he went about his duties with a lighter heart than he had ever possessed before.

But Sam's triumph over that cow was not of long duration, for the second time he attempted to milk her she allowed him to proceed for a few minutes, when she concluded to see how heavy he was, and raised him on her hind legs, sending him and the milk pail about ten feet away and landing him in a pile of manure.

But Sam was plucky and tried it again, only to be kicked the next time several feet further, and to lose all the milk he had squeezed out of her.

By this time Snapper, who had been watching the business attentively, concluded that she had had fun enough with his master, and so he caught her by the nose and made it lively for her during a run around a ten-acre lot a few times.

The good farmer consoled him in his misfortune, but Mrs. Jones, her daughter and her lover, Augustus Mush, laughed loudly at his success in milking.

Sam stowed that away in his memory for their benefit, and at the same time resolved to conquer the cow into submission, which, with the assistance of Snapper, he had but little difficulty in doing, and before

Sam, and getting down under the cow he began to milk with a great flourish.

But he had milked only a few squirts when Sam put in his fine work on that cow, and she became flighty behind, and the next moment Augustus Mush was sailing through the air, and rolling over in the manure.

"Oh, Gussy!" exclaimed Jane, and in her anxiety she climbed over the fence and tumbled into the nasty yard.

"Whoa, Emma!" shouted Sam.

Augustus—"Gussy" picked himself up slowly, and a more demoralized, disgusted-looking mortal than he was it would be impossible to find.

in the town, and of course he wanted Sam to become a good boy and a member of the Sabbath-school.

Sam had no particular objection to this, but the unfortunate impediment in his speech made him rather a poor subject for improvement, especially if he had to be experimented upon in public; and this, together with his aptitude for mischief, would naturally prevent him from becoming a bright and shining light for the honor and glory of Deacon Jones.

But Sam had more or less influence in almost everything that transpired on the place, and especially upon Augustus Mush, Jane Jones' beau.

And yet there was another character in the town for whom Sam had even a greater contempt, and that was the schoolmaster.



The next moment Augustus Mush was sailing through the air, and rolling over in the manure.

the end of the week he had her completely under his control; and not only that, he had her in such a way that he could make her behave good or bad, just as he liked.

All this he had accomplished unknown to any one and now he felt as though he was boss of the whole place; Mr. Jones congratulated him, and still insisted that it was all owing to his particular animal magnetism, although Sam thought it was all owing to the cow's fear of his dog Snapper.

One evening, the lover, Augustus Mush, was at the house in a very merry mood, and not yet having forgotten the way in which the breachy cow had handled Sam, suggested to Jane that they go out and see him milk. She allowed that it would be "such fun," and out they went.

Sam was relieving each cow in turn, and finally he came to the kicker, and, knowing that they were watching to see, he pretended to be afraid of her, and this caused Jane and her lover to laugh loud and heartily at him.

"Why don't you brave right up to her, Sam?" asked Augustus Mush. "You don't know how to handle her. Faint heart never won a fair lady," he added, turning to Jane with a grin as big as his head.

"I-I c-c-can't. S'pose y-y-you try it?" said Sam, acting his part nicely.

"Oh, brace up!" he said again.

"I-I-I haven't the-the-nerve."

"Well, now, Sam, I'll just show you what a fool you are," said he, leaping over the fence, and taking the pail.

"Be careful, Gussy," piped Jane.

"Never fear, birdie. All it wants is a little nerve. Now you just stand aside, Sam, and let me show you how to milk an uneasy cow."

"All r-r-right."

"Do be careful, Gussy, for you know you have got your new clothes on," piped Jane, again.

"Never fear, birdie," said he, taking the pail from

"Oh, Gussy!" moaned Jane, also picking herself up out of the trouble. "Come and get me, Gussy."

"Oh, thunder!" growled Gussy, while Sam was laughing, ready to go to pieces.

PART V.

THE dilemma in which Augustus Mush, the lover of Jane Jones, found himself after attempting to show Sam how to milk the kicking cow, will be readily remembered.

Both he and Jane got out of that cow-yard as quickly as possible, and it is safe to say, as an investment in truth, that he never attempted to show him how to milk a cow after that.

And so Sam was virtually the master of the situation, for he had not been with Farmer Jones two months before he was intrusted with almost everything about the place, and so well satisfied was he that he never thought of leaving him.

And in one year's time he learned how to sow, reap, and mow, and be a farmer's boy; besides, all the while having heaps of fun for himself and a soft thing of it for his dog, Snapper, who appeared to enjoy himself first-rate.

But during all this time he had been unable to make sure friendship with either Mrs. Jones, her daughter Jane, or the lover, Augustus Mush, for all three of them believed that he exercised some diabolical influence over that kicking cow, which had induced her to kick the soft-headed fop into the manure heap.

In fact, by this time he managed to master nearly everything on the farm, greatly to the delight of Farmer Jones, but in no wise to the delight of the other members of his family, for it got so at last that he seemed to have entire control of the stock, and was enabled to make them do almost anything that he liked in the way of mischief.

It will be remembered that Farmer Jones was a pious old rat, and was a deacon of the Baptist church

He was a pompous old rooster, who pretended to know almost everything in the world, although to tell the truth he knew but little. But he managed to make people believe he was a great man, and so was held in high esteem by the farmers for miles around.

Farmer Jones sent Sam to his school in winter, but on account of his stuttering and inclination for mischief, he could do nothing with him, any more than could be done by his Sabbath-school teachers.

Consequently he was turned out as a bad egg, and left to finish his education as best he could, and just as he had managed to get what little he already had.

This schoolmaster's name was Skidd, and as Farmer Jones was one of the largest tax-payers in the county, he felt it to be for his interest to keep on friendly terms with him, and therefore he was not an unfrequent visitor at the farm-house, where he was always welcome, and where he managed to stow away many a good meal, and enjoy many a cozy bed.

The houses of the farmers were scattered at considerable distance, and Mr. Skidd used to ride around, when on a visiting spree, on an old horse that was just about as dull as he was himself.

But Sam dreaded to see him come, for he always took particular pains to give him a lecture on his general behavior, and to give him a lot of sentences to learn to recite which he said would in time cure him of his misfortune of stuttering.

In fact, he seemed to think that the stuttering was only a habit which could easily be corrected, although Sam had always stuttered ever since he could ask for a peanut; and this, together with the way in which he had treated him when he went to his school, made Sam hate him bitterly.

One afternoon in autumn old Skidd came trotting up to Farmer Jones' door and received the same welcome as usual; the old horse being turned over to Sam to be cared for.

"Be good to the schoolmaster's horse, Sam," said the old farmer.

"Y-y-yes, sir," and he led him to the barn.

"I'd like to be *my* kind of good to him," thought Sam. "Hang me if I don't think the old horse is as big a bear as his master is."

But Sam smothered his indignation, and after attending to the old nag he finished his other chores and then went into the house.

At the supper table old Skidd tackled him, and insisted upon hearing Sam repeat some passages which he had given him to learn by heart, and which he assured him would cure his stuttering; and this he did for the sole purpose of showing off.

One of the passages was the old familiar catch:

"Peter Piper picked a pickle," etc.;

and those who know it, and know Sam, can understand what a jumble he made in trying to repeat it.

In fact, that, and a mouthful of victuals (he being at supper at the time), nearly choked the poor, devil, and caused Mrs. Jones and her daughter much laughter.

Another example was:

"Around about the rugged rock
The rough old ruffian ran;
Against the mists
He thrusts his fists,
And still persists
He sees a ghost."

Now Stuttering Sam could no more repeat those examples than he could have flown, and it seemed to him that the schoolmaster only gave them to him for a guy, and to make him appear ridiculous; so he felt in no charitable mood towards him, as may well be believed.

But he bore it like a cock-eyed Christian—more on Mr. Jones' account than anything else—resolved at the same time to get hunk with the old fraud some time or other.

The next morning while cleaning off the horse, an idea struck him, and he grinned all over.

It was an old joke, but he resolved to see how a chestnut burr under the saddle would work; and so, when he saddled the nag, he placed one where it would do the most good, and led him up to the hitching-post before the door as the schoolmaster was on the point of taking his departure.

Then he went about his other chores, but still kept within sight so he could see how the old thing worked.

But presently Mr. Skidd came out with much pomposity, followed by Mrs. Jones and her daughter.

"Samuel, come here," he called, resolved on showing off some of his smartness.

"Y-y-yes, sir," said Sam, quickly responding.

"Samuel, I wish you to remember what I have said to you, and continue with the examples I have given you until you conquer your impediment."

"My w-w-what, sir?" asked Sam, in surprise.

"The impediment in your speech."

"C-c-can't y-y-you g-g-give m-me something to c-c-cure m-m-my c-c-cross eyes, t-t-too?"

Both of the females looked shocked to think that he dare talk back to the schoolmaster, but Mr. Jones laughed heartily at the idea, and Skidd looked foolish.

"Never mind that; conquer one thing at a time. Now remember, when I come again I shall expect to hear you recite those examples perfectly."

Sam made no reply, but looked two ways for Sunday.

"Remember now. It must never be said that a boy grew up in my precinct without education."

"Sam, pay attention to Mr. Skidd," said Mrs. Jones.

"Y-y-yes, m'm."

"Do as I tell you and I'll make a man of you yet," added Mr. Skidd; then shaking hands with the ladies again, he proceeded to inspect the harness of his horse.

"I don't see but old Betsy still holds her own," said Mr. Jones.

"Well, yes; the greatest trouble is her lack of life," said Skidd. "She is growing old and lazy, and if there is anything in the world that she hates, it is to be worried out of a walk."

"You must give her some of the medicine you give your pupils," said Jones, laughing.

Skidd smiled faintly and so did Sam.

"Well, good-bye I must be away!"

"Good-bye. Call again soon."

"I shall, with pleasure," said Skidd, placing one foot in the stirrup and vaulting into the saddle.

As he did so the chestnut burr took effect, and a circus was at once commenced.

"Whoa, Betsy! whoa, you fool! What's the matter?" yelled Skidd, trying his best to keep his seat, for the old mare was cutting up high.

"Why, she seems to have plenty of life," said Jones.

"Yes—whoa—Betsy, whoa! What has got into you this morning? Whoa—whoa!"

But Betsy didn't feel it, and the way she did cavort around that yard was as good as a circus—to all but the frightened schoolmaster.

Up and down, front and rear; pitching and twisting that way and this, while the schoolmaster seized her by the mane and tail to keep from being thrown off, all the while yelling:

"Who, Betsy, whoa!"

"What can be the matter with her?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Do be careful, Mr. Skidd. Catch her by the bridle," exclaimed Mrs. Jones to her husband.

Mr. Jones attempted to do so, but Betsy wheeled around and nearly knocked the stuffing out of him with her heels, and at the same time she emptied old Skidd out on the ground and ran away down into the pasture.

The two females ran to the assistance of the two males, while Sam and his dog ran after the horse.

But she gave them a good race, and it was not until Snapper caught the bridle in his mouth and held on with all his might, that Betsy was brought to a standstill.

By this time they were well out of sight, and Sam at once proceeded to take off the saddle and remove the chestnut burr, after which he buckled it on again, and proceeded to ride her back to the house.

She was docile enough now, of course, but what such conduct meant was a mystery to all, especially to Mr. Skidd, who was nursing a scalped and bleeding nose, which had been received by the fall.

"Whoa, you fool! What do you mean?" and he caught her by the bridle and jerked it savagely.

But Betsy was all right now, and after looking the girths and things over carefully, he got cautiously into the saddle again and rode away.

Sam proceeded to go into the barn for a laugh all by himself; for a roar which nobody should hear.

He would have stood on his head if his feet had not been so large, for it must be remembered that he did not stand on trifles.

Farmer Jones happened to catch sight of him while thus expressing himself, and although the actions of the horse had been a mystery, he now began to smell a rat. But not being able to prove anything, he said nothing, and took it all out in thinking.

He had squared accounts with the schoolmaster, and now there was one more whom he wanted to reach, and that was Augustus Mush, Jane Jones' lover. True, he had induced the cow to kick him into a manure heap, but that didn't half satisfy him.

In a few days he was to be married, and, of course, there was all sorts of preparations going on, for Mr. Jones were bent on giving her a high old wedding.

Sam was kept trotting hither and yon in the busy preparation, for there were all sorts of things to be done, baking and brewing, and getting ready for the great feast which was to attend the marriage.

The nearer the wedding-day approached the oftener did Augustus Mush visit his girl, and when there remained only six days before the marriage, he came morning, noon, and night, and stayed two or three hours every time; and when only three days remained he was there nearly every hour in the twenty-four.

It had already been arranged that he was to take up his residence with Farmer Jones just as soon as he became his son-in-law, and so he had worked for a week bringing his clothes and personal traps together at the to-be parental mansion.

Among other trunks which he brought to the house was one containing his wedding suit, and to this Sam paid particular attention.

The trunk was not locked, and he had several chances to inspect the new rig, and if there was anything which he thought he lacked more than another, it was perfume.

So Sam set about perfuming that wedding suit in his own way, which way was to catch a skunk in a box-trap, and place him in the trunk containing the wedding suit, and allow him to remain there over night, taking care to let him out and assist in his escape the next day.

But Augustus Mush was so much occupied with putting the finishing touches upon his two years' courtship that he never thought about the wedding suit, although they all remarked that the perfume of a fragrant skunk was visible in the near vicinity.

But it was voted that one of those scent-bearers had taken refuge somewhere about the place, and had most likely been worried and hunted by Sam's dog. So no particular attention was paid to it.

At length the wedding day arrived and all was bustle and confusion.

Augustus Mush had met several of his friends at the village taverns, and the number of toasts which he had helped to drink had somewhat dulled his perception, which was never of the best, and he arrived at the mansion only half an hour before the time appointed for the ceremony, and at once went to his chamber to dress.

But he met Sam before he got there.

"Sham, hic! you're a nice chap, hic! I'm awful dry. Go bring me a mug of cider," said he.

"All right," and away Sam went.

But after drawing the mug two-thirds full of cider, he filled it up with apple-jack, thus making a drink that would have floored almost anybody.

Augustus was thirsty, and he got outside of that in short order, and then hurried up-stairs to dress.

Meantime everybody was busy receiving the guests, and many a hearty health was drunk by the friends and neighbors of Farmer Jones, wishing long life and great happiness to his new son-in-law.

Augustus Mush in the meantime was dressing, but he was so drunk that he never detected the odor of skunk upon his clothes, and went on in a somewhat clumsy way in getting into his new matrimonial harness.

And by the time he had got his last dud on, the guests had all arrived, and the minister who had been engaged to tie the knot was there, ready and waiting to do the lifetime job for him.

Presently, Augustus Mush, the son-in-law elect, came down-stairs in his wedding garments. But he had all he could do to brace up as he did so.

He staggered into the parlor where the guests were assembled, and without loss of time each grasped his nose.

"There's a pesky skunk 'round here somewhere," said several of them.

And then Jane came in, dressed in her bridal suit, and she at once proceeded to throw herself into the arms of the half-fuddled Augustus.

"Oh, Gussy!" she simpered, resting her head on his shoulder.

And then she exclaimed: "Oh—oh!" and took her head right away from there.

"Wasser masher?" asked he.

"Why, Gussy, how you smell," said she.

"Osser roses. Bought it in New York ozer day," said he, thickly.

"And, oh, Gussy, you are tipsy."

"No, my love, only little 'cited. See?"

"See! I can both see and smell."

"Asher all right. Shows yer all right, course."

Mrs. Jones approached him.

"Oh, phew! What a smell!" said she.

"Osser roses; yat's all," said Mush.

"Father, there's a skunk round somewhere," said she, turning to her husband.

"Yes, I know it, and I've been tryin' to get the dog after him. Here, Sam, take the dog and see if you can't find that skunk. I guess he is under the woodshed somewhere."

"All r-right. Come, S-S-Snapper!" and away went dog and boy after a smell.

But by this time the guests became convinced that the source of the smell was Augustus Mush, and although he could detect nothing wrong himself, he could but see that all were holding their noses, while windows and open air were at a premium.

"There seems to be something wrong here," said the minister, to Mr. Jones.

"Yes, I smell it."

"Well, if you want any more, get closer to Mr. Mush and see how you like it."

"What?"

"Try it."

Farmer Jones approached nearer to his nearly son-in-law. The smell nearly overpowered him.

"Augustus, what's the matter?"

"Anxiety 'n cologne, yat's all," said he, thickly.

"Well, I should say that the cologne had the best of it."

"Corser does; where's er parson? Tell him ter hurry up."

"Phew!" came from all parts of the house.

"Guesser don't 'preciate osser roses," said he, looking stupidly around.

"Have you any spring clothes-pins?" asked the parson.

"Oh yes, dozens of them."

"Well, bring them along."

The good-natured farmer started to obey, and by this time the greatest excitement was observable all among the company.

As for the bride, she seemed to be on the point of fainting, while all sorts of comments were going around among the guests regarding the novel kind of wedding perfume which had been brought to grace the occasion.

But Farmer Jones presently returned with a bag of spring clothes pins, one of which he handed to the parson, who at once placed it upon his nose.

This, of course, created much merriment, and the entire company, including the bride, proceeded to adjust the pins upon their noses.

It was a comical sight, and had it not been for the fun which this brought about, the wedding would undoubtedly have been postponed.

But after all hands had been armed in this way, with the exception of Augustus Mush, the parson called time (without the aid of his "bugle"), and the bride and groom were ranged before him.

The company gathered around, each with a clothes pin on their nose, and amid much laughter, the ceremony was gone through with after a fashion.

Then there was a general scampering for the outside of the house and fresh air.

"Oh, Gussy, what is the matter?" asked the newly-made wife, as he kissed her.

"Nossin' masser wiz me. Wasser masser wiz you?" said he, looking wildly around. "Wasser on yer nose?"

"Oh, Gussy, you smell dreadful!"

"Bes' I could fin' in New York, osser roses."

"Otter of skunk, more like," said his mother-in-law.

"Where in the world have you been?"

"Been gissin' married. Why?"

"Well, the best thing you can do is to take off your clothes and bury them."

"P'raps I besser bury myself."

"Yes, if you can't get rid of that horrible smell in any other way—phew!" and she left him.

"Everybody's offer nut," said he, walking away.

"Come here, Gus. What the dickens is the matter with you?" asked a party of his friends who had partaken of enough of Farmer Jones' hard cider and apple-jack to make them feel first-rate.

"Wasser masser wiz you fellers?" he asked.

"You have been playing tag with some skunk, and you'll have to be buried," said one of them.

They gave him another drink and took him out behind the barn, where with a pair of shovels they soon dug a hole in the ground and placed him in it.

The truth was, he was by this time so full that he didn't care for anything but sleep, and so they covered him up, all but his head, while he went peacefully to sleep during the operation, and the mad wags who had perpetrated the joke went laughing back to the house.

Inquiry being made for the bridegroom, they said he had gone to change his clothes, and so an hour passed, during which everybody got mellow before any notice was taken of his absence.

But search was at length made for him, and he was found buried up to his chin in dirt and still asleep.

The bride attempted to faint, but they laughed her out of it, and after allowing him to remain there until after he got sober, during which the earth sweetened him by destroying the scent of the skunk, he was taken out and put to bed.

Thus ended the wedding ceremony, which is this day called "the clothes-pin wedding," and Stuttering Sam felt himself amply avenged.

In fact, it took him a week to get a sober face on himself, for besides having revenge, he had more fun out of the affair than he had ever had before in the whole course of his life.

But the marriage did not turn out so bad after all, for like a great many spooney people, marriage cured them, and they became quite a sensible couple after their honeymoon.

But here we come to the end of Stuttering Sam's adventures for a while. He grew steadily in the estimation of good Farmer Jones, and had he possessed another daughter he would undoubtedly have given her to him for a wife. But he found another man's daughter a few years after; red-headed and almost as handsome as he was, and as Mr. Jones was getting old, he gave Sam the farm to work on shares.

And there he is at the present time; man grown, known everywhere as Stuttering Sam Jones, but still respected by all as a jovial, whole-sould fellow, and one who can make more fun than anybody in town, and who is on the high road to a fortune and a big red-headed family.

[THE END.]

THE REPRIEVE.

In the year 18—, the body of a beautiful boy, of about eight or nine years of age, was found drowned in a quarry hole in the county of —, in which I was then stationed. Some marks, which might have been of violence, or received while struggling for life among the sharp rocks which formed the sides of the hole, but which looked more like the former, made it desirable that the inquest should be conducted with the strictest and most searching minuteness.

Having heard of the occurrence at an early hour in the morning, I at once proceeded to the spot, and was fortunate enough to arrive before any crowd had collected which might have altered the appearance of the place, so as to frustrate me in making such observations as might be of use in tracing the melancholy event to its source. It was generally supposed to have been purely accidental; and as it was known that the boy had been in the habit of resorting to the place for the amusement of fishing, I was not prepared to think otherwise; besides, Edward O'Connor—such was his name—was very justly a prime favorite with the whole parish, and it would be difficult to suppose any motive for violence toward him. I, however, made the police form a cordon for the purpose of keeping off the people, who had by this time begun to assemble in considerable numbers; and by this means, with the assistance of an intelligent member of the force, I was enabled to make such observations as the place admitted of, and the nature of the facts required. We found evident marks of footsteps upon one part of the bank which could not have been the boy's—they were those of a man's shoe, with the usual description of nails worn by the country people; there were also the marks of a foot without any shoe, but which appeared to have had a stocking on; and what struck me as most remarkable was, that in every instance the mark of this foot proved to be that of the left, nor could we, upon the most minute search, find one of those latter marks made by the right foot, while those which were marked by the shoes were right and left indiscriminately. There was also a small fishing-rod found upon the bank, broken. On examining the body, there were found one or two cuts, as if inflicted by sharp stones, upon the face and forehead, and the tops of the fingers were much torn, apparently in the effort to lay hold upon the sides of the rocks, in the struggle between life and death; but there was one cut upon the back of the head which it was more difficult to account for. A surgeon was examined, who stated that none of the wounds were sufficient to have caused death, and, in the absence of any further evidence, a verdict of "Found drowned" was recorded. Although I could not quarrel with the verdict, my mind was by no means satisfied upon the subject.

This boy was the son of a very respectable man, named Thomas O'Connor, who had, some years before, proved successful as a rival in courtship with a man named Terence Delany. Delany was a tall, handsome, active young man, and a great favorite among a certain class of young women in the neighborhood. He was, however, wild, thoughtless, and unprincipled, and his habits and occupations were such as to cause the general remark, that he would never turn out well. Certain it is that no cock-fight, dog-fight, or other disreputable meeting took place in the parish, which was not got up and conducted by Terence Delany; and it was soon plainly foretold, that if he did not change his ways, they would bring him to disgrace and shame.

O'Connor was the very reverse of all this; he was a cheerful, gay, industrious, well-principled young man, the pride of his father's cottage and the delight of all who knew him. He was an only son, and well to do in the world; and although not so tall or so handsome as Delany, it was no great wonder that upon a fair comparison of their respective merits, backed as he was by the good word of everybody, he should have carried the heart of Mary M'Kenzie—who was a good, sensible girl—in opposition to his handsomer but less worthy rival.

Delany had early perceived that his game was lost if left to honorable competition between him and O'Connor, and, pretending not to have taken his failure to heart in any way, or, indeed, to have entertained any further aspirations or intentions toward the object of their common addresses, did all in his power to conciliate O'Connor, and, if possible, to create at least a fair understanding between them, in hopes of being able to induce him to join him and his companions in their amusements, representing them as innocent and manly, fitted for young men of their class and time of life, but with the deep and secret hope of leading him, step by step, into disgrace, or perhaps into committing some transportable crime, so as to get the stage clear for himself altogether. O'Connor was, however, proof against all his tempta-

tions, and, ere long, became the husband of Mary M'Kenzie.

Delany now, stung by vexation, disappointment and wounded pride, plunged more recklessly than ever into excesses; though toward O'Connor he became, perhaps, even more than usually civil, although a vow of revenge, which was limited neither as to extent nor time, was registered in his heart against him. Annoyed, too, by the jests and bantering of his companions at his want of success, he became irritated and morose, and more abandoned in his character every day, giving way to the worst passions of his nature; so that it was not without justice he became suspected of being concerned in most of the daring outrages which took place, not only in that immediate neighborhood, but within a range of some miles. It was evident that this, with a police force in the district, which, even at the early period of which I speak, had become well organized and efficient, could not go on very long without being detected; and, accordingly, one night Delany was apprehended in the act of carrying away a portion of the carcass of a sheep which he had just slaughtered, and divided with his guilty associates. This was a crime which had just then become of frequent occurrence in that district, and very little doubt was now entertained that the ringleader had been caught, and that a remedy for the evil was at hand.

About two hours previous to Delany's having been detected in the above act, a turf-stack in the rear of O'Connor's house had been set on fire and consumed, and strong suspicion rested upon Delany as the author, as a commencement to the night's work in which the sheep was killed. Upon this latter case, O'Connor was, unfortunately, obliged to be brought forward in evidence against him, and on being examined, swore that he had been from home on the night his turf-stack was burned, and on his return, at a late hour, in company with a friend, he met Delany at a sudden turn of the road, with something like a sack or bag across his shoulder—this was at the corner of a short lane leading into the field in which the sheep was killed, and he saw Delany turning out of the lane into the road before he knew who it was; that upon Delany perceiving him, he appeared very much annoyed and confused, and swore an oath that, "Go where he would, O'Connor was there before him;" upon which the other replied, "The next place you go, I hope I'll neither be there before nor after you." This was corroborated by the person who was in company with O'Connor at the time, and with the evidence of the police, who shortly after apprehended Delany. He was convicted, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. Upon his being removed from the dock, he looked fiercely at O'Connor, who was in one of the side boxes, and exclaimed, "It's a long lane that has no turning; yourself or your son may be at home before me."

More than two years beyond the term for which Delany had been transported had expired, and nothing had as yet been heard of him, which was indeed a subject of much joy to the whole neighborhood. O'Connor had four children, of whom Edward, the boy found drowned, had been the eldest, and peace and happiness pervaded the whole district, until the latter, at least, was interrupted by that melancholy event.

Edward O'Connor had frequently gone over to his aunt's, who lived not far off, and who was very fond of him; and as he had, in case of wet or severe weather, often remained there for the night, his absence on the occasion in question suggested nothing more in the minds of his father or mother, till they were aroused from their sleep at day-break the next morning, by the sad intelligence of what had happened.

Such continued to be the state of things, and poor little O'Connor had been some five or six weeks numbered with the sleeping dead, when at midnight I was awakened by a policeman, who stated that Thomas O'Connor was below stairs, and wished to speak with me in all haste. I instantly ordered him to be sent up, at the same time dressing myself as quickly as possible. On entering the room he shut the door behind him, and the first thing that struck me on beholding him was, that the poor fellow was out of his mind—madness was in every feature. I asked him with as much calmness as I could assume, "What was the matter? what he had to communicate?" He turned full upon me; and what a sight! His eyes flashed fire, his hands were clenched, his teeth set firmly together, and his whole frame convulsed with fury.

"For heaven's sake, O'Connor," said I, "what is now the matter?"

"Murder! murder!" he whispered, placing his mouth close to my ear. "Delany!" he then cried aloud, still clenching his fists, and rolling his blood-

shot eyeballs, which nearly started from their sockets.

"For God's sake, O'Connor, be calm," said I, "what reason have you to suppose that—"

"Calm—calm—reason to suppose—calm!" he cried, looking at me as if I myself had been the murderer. "Reason to suppose!" he repeated. "I know it—I ought to have known it from the first—'tis done—'twas he, the bird of hell, 'twas he; but this world's range shall be too small to hide him from my vengeance. My boy, my boy, my murdered boy!" and he strode through the room with frantic gestures.

There was no use in speaking to him until this fit of fury had in some degree subsided, and I stood, silently meditating upon the possibility of such being the fact, which crossed my mind not now for the first time. At length he threw himself upon a chair, and burst into tears, crying again—"My boy, my boy, my murdered boy!"

I was glad to see the tears, and once more entreated him to be calm, stating that the law would assuredly overtake Delany, if he were guilty. The word "if" again aroused the unfortunate man, and seeing the state of mind he was in, I regretted that I had used it.

"The law!" he cried. "the law! if—if—but I want no law; I'll have no law; these hands—these hands alone," and suddenly throwing himself upon his knees, before I could prevent him, he swore a fearful and appalling oath that he would seek no law, or have no law, and rest not day or night, till, with his own hands, he had avenged the blood of his murdered boy. He would have proceeded, apparently, ere he rose from his knees, to have added curses to his oath, but that I seized him round the body, and placing my hand upon his mouth, again implored him to be calm, assuring him that his conduct must altogether frustrate even his own object, and prevent our very best endeavors to trace Delany. This had the desired effect; he paused, and whether it was from conviction, or with a view to deceive me, I could not say, but in a moment he became wonderfully calm; and he who had hitherto been like a hungry tiger, raging for his prey, had now become mild and gentle as a lamb.

"Tell me that again," he said; "persuade me but of that, and you shall lead me like a child."

Of course I was delighted that I had hit upon so fortunate an expression, and with the effect which it produced upon him. It was, in fact, the thing which was most likely to tend to the success of any effort to bring the perpetrator of this mysterious murder (if such indeed it was) to justice; while, upon the other hand, anything like rashness, or even an admitted knowledge of the fact upon the part of O'Connor or the authorities, might forever frustrate our exertions; secrecy, and an apparent ignorance of the fact, being indispensable to insure success.

O'Connor seemed determined to keep his word, and was now as calm and tractable as I could wish; I could perceive, however, as I thought, in his manner, a steady though unexpressed determination for personal vengeance in preference to the tardy justice of the law, and now and then a bitter smile, not altogether unallied to satisfaction, curled upon his lip, as if anticipating the glory of some desperate and frightful deed. Having apparently settled this point in his own mind, he sat down when I bade him, and detailed the grounds he had for supposing that his child had been murdered, and why he believed that Delany was the author of the deed. He told me that a traveling peddler with whom he was well acquainted, had just returned from the North, and had called at his house, as was his frequent custom; that he had on this occasion made a statement to him which left no doubt whatever upon his mind of the fact. The man had promised to remain at O'Connor's until morning, and to remain up until he should return from me with instructions as to what was best to be done; I therefore prepared myself, and at once accompanied him, not a little glad that it was such an hour of the night as would prevent observation.

On arriving at the house I found the person he had mentioned in a chair, asleep by the fire. O'Connor awoke him, when I recognized him as a man with whom I was already in some degree acquainted, as he had been in the habit of traveling through the country selling linens, table-cloths, toweling, &c. He briefly told me his story; and it was one which, indeed, left not the shadow of a doubt on my mind that Edward O'Connor had been murdered in the most inhuman manner, and by Delany. The words I had myself heard him utter more than nine years before, when convicted of sheep-stealing, came most forcibly and fearfully back upon my mind.

As the peddler's story will be briefly stated in its proper place, I shall not now advert to it further. I may add, however, that he was a respectable and well-

informed man for his station, who had for many years been in the habit of traveling to the north of Ireland with a horse and tax-cart, purchasing linens, table-cloths, towels, &c., which he made sale of again upon his return tour through the country; and he was a person the truth of whose statement was not likely to be called in question. He appeared much distressed at the melancholy event which had occurred. Edward O'Connor had been a great favorite with him; and he seemed willing to undergo any personal inconvenience to assist in bringing the guilty author to justice. Having heard this man's statement I left him, desiring that he would not open his lips upon the subject to any person whatever, and that he would drive to my house about ten o'clock on the following morning with his stock of goods, which, as he had heretofore occasionally done it, would not create any suspicion. He did so accordingly; and before he left I had his informations most fully taken by a neighboring magistrate, for whom I had sent early that morning.

The next great object was to secure Delany. It was now certain that he had returned from transportation, his term having expired; and it was as certain that he had murdered young O'Connor, but where was he to be found? Except upon the evening in question, he had never been seen, and then, so far as we could yet learn, by M'Conchy the peddler only. He was not supposed to be, nor was he spoken of as having returned from abroad—so far from it, indeed, that it was universally believed throughout the district he had not and would not return. Matters continued thus for nearly four months; and both O'Connor and myself began to despair of success when the post one morning brought me a curious-looking letter from Swineford, of which the following is a copy:

"SIR—I am glad to inform you that Delany is in custody in this town. You had better lose no time in coming here, as he is only sent to jail for a week for cutting a couple of young ash-trees in a gentleman's plantation near this; he gave his name to be James M'Guire. I happened to be in the court, where I was waiting to speak to a good customer of mine who was sitting upon the bench, and I knew the villain the moment I saw him, but I said nothing when I found that he was sent to jail for a week. There's no doubt in life but he's the man; so make no delay, and I'll wait here till you come, or until I get a letter from you.

"Your obedient servant, JAMES M'CONCHY."

It is needless to say that I started by the very next coach; and at the end of ten days I had the satisfaction to see Delany in the county jail of —, to which he was fully committed for the murder of Edward O'Connor.

The day of trial at length arrived, and I stood before the dock while Delany was arraigned. He pleaded "Not guilty" in rather a bold and confident tone—arising, I should say, from ignorance that the peddler was a witness against him. Upon hearing, however, the name James M'Conchy whispered at the crown side of the bar he turned ashy pale; his lips quivered, and he leaned against the rails for support. The witnesses were few. Thomas O'Connor, the boy's father, was the first. He merely proved to the finding of the body, and to its identity as his son Edward. I was the next witness myself, and proved to the marks of the shoes, and the footsteps as of a left foot with a stocking on, as described at the commencement.

James M'Conchy, the peddler, was then sworn and examined: Had known the prisoner for some years; had seen him once or twice at O'Connor's house some years ago; witness was traveling late in the evening on the 15th of September last in the neighborhood of O'Connor's; it might be a mile, or perhaps more, from it; believed the place was called Crossdeen; saw a man standing over what appeared to be an old sand-pit or quarry-hole; it was inside a hedgerow to the right of the road; there was a short, stiff bit of a hill at the place, and, as witness pulled up his horse into a walk, he saw the man throw several stones into the hole, and heard him say, "D—n you, will you never go down?" The man's back was toward him at this time, and witness called out, "Hallo, lad, what's the matter?" The man, without turning round, replied "that it was a dog of his own which had torn one of his neighbor's sheep, and he was afraid if he did not destroy it he would get into trouble;" he then walked on at a quick pace inside the hedge, but he did not run, and he came out upon the road at a gap; by this time witness had mounted the hill, and, getting on again at a quicker pace, came within about fifteen or twenty yards of the man as he jumped out at the gap and crossed the road; had a full view of him, and for the first time recognized the prisoner as the man, whom he now identified; observed that the prisoner had not any shoes on him as he passed across the road, but he had stockings on; saw one shoe under the prisoner's left arm; it was the arm next him; he might or might not have had another under his right arm. This witness further stated that he had no doubt at the time that what the prisoner had told him about the dog was true, and went his way. When he returned from the north, and heard of the death of young O'Connor, and the place where the body had been found, he at once mentioned the circumstance to his father, and his belief that the boy had been murdered. The place where the body of young O'Connor was found had since been pointed out to him, and it was the same at which he had seen the prisoner as already described.

This witness was cross-examined at great length and with great ability, principally as to how far he was from the person, and the opportunity he had of seeing him, so as to be positive of his identity; whether there had ever been any quarrel or cause of ill-will between him and the prisoner; how long it had been since he had seen him previous to the transaction detailed in his informations and evidence—in short, every point upon which it might be possible to con-

fuse or upset him; but the learned counsel failed to shake his evidence or disturb his temper in the slightest degree.

Peter Tully was next sworn and examined.—Stated that he was a shoemaker by trade; lived at Derrygeela, about a half mile from Crossdeen, where the body of Edward O'Connor was found; knew the prisoner, Terence Delany; recollected the morning the body of Edward O'Connor was found; was bringing home a pair of shoes the evening before, which had been left to be mended; met the prisoner upon a path-way through a corn-field; the corn was breast high, and met the prisoner face to face; he had no shoes on at the time, but he had stockings on; he had one shoe under his arm; witness said, "Death and ages, is this Terry?" "It is, Peter," said he; "but you need not let on." The prisoner asked witness if he had an old shoe that would match that; witness said he had no odd shoes, and no old ones except what belonged to customers, but that he'd make him a pair; the prisoner replied, "that's 'Live horse and you'll get grass.'" He took the shoes out of witness's hand and looked at them; he offered one of them to the sole of his own, and said "it was a pity they were entirely too small, or the man that owned them would never wear them." Asked him what became of his other shoe, and he replied that it was burned. The prisoner then left him, and as he crossed the first ditch he began to run; witness never saw him since until this day. This witness was cross-examined also at great length upon the usual points that suggest themselves to the mind of a zealous and ingenious advocate, but nothing was elicited favorable to the prisoner, and the case for the crown closed.

There were no witnesses for the defense; and at that time prisoners' counsel were not privileged by law to address the jury. It remained, therefore, only for the judge to charge the jury; and when I say that it was the late Sir William Smith who tried the case, I give a full guarantee that, while a legal, able, and lucid recapitulation of the facts was laid before the jury, no point which bore in the remotest degree in the prisoner's favor was lightly touched on or passed by. Alas! there was little of the kind to be found upon his lordship's notes; and at the end of half an hour the jury retired, more to escape the gaze of a crowded court while writing their verdict, than from any doubt that it must be comprised in one fatal word.

In less than ten minutes they returned; and, after the noise occasioned by their getting into their places, and answering to their names, and the bustle of the crowd stretching forward to hear, amidst the hish—hish—hish of the sheriff, with his hand up, had subsided, I say that the old phrase of "hearing a pin fall," is far too weak to express the silence that reigned, as the foreman uttered the awful word, "GUILTY."

In this verdict the judge, as well as every person who heard the trial, could not put concur; and his lordship, after remaining for three or four minutes as silent and unmoved as a statue, compressed his lips once or twice together, and having assumed the black cap, passed sentence of death and execution upon the prisoner—to be carried into effect upon that day three weeks. This long day formed the subject of some conversation, as, at that period, the extreme penalty of the law was usually carried out in a much shorter time after conviction than is the case at present; and it was supposed not to be without some ulterior object as regarded the prisoner's fate.

Time wore quickly on, and, as it began to enter upon the last week, it was pretty generally whispered that the unfortunate man had made some very important disclosures with respect to two or three desperate transactions, which had taken place within the last twelve months, to the Government magistrate who had frequently visited him in his cell. The magistrate had proceeded to Dublin upon two different occasions since the trial, it was supposed for the purpose of communicating with the Government upon the subject of these disclosures; and although he did not say anything upon his return from which to form a decided opinion, it began to be pretty well understood—among the officials at least—that he expected to procure for the unfortunate convict a commutation of the sentence.

About the middle of the last week, I was in the prisoner's cell with the magistrate. There appeared to be a very material point in discussion between them, carried on in that cautionary under-tone so generally observed upon such occasions, and which arose more from habit on the part of the magistrate than from any intention that I should not hear what passed, for he requested me to accompany him. I caught, however, only the following unconnected sentences, as I stood near the door:

Magistrate.—"Cannot be more particular—decided—not authorized—positive—strongly recommend—all in my power."

Prisoner.—"If I could be sure—disgrace—informer die after all—say you'll do it—sworn on the cross to be true—save me—tell all in both cases—God help me!" and he lay back on his bedstead, and appeared to faint. I confess I thought it was shamming. On recovering himself, he seemed altogether averse to speak; and with his hands firmly clasped upon the crown of his head, he walked backward and forward in his cell.

We retired, and I said to the magistrate:

"That unhappy man knows more than he will tell you without a positive promise of pardon, at least of mitigation."

"He does," replied Mr. —; "but that is the very point upon which I cannot venture to be positive. The Government will not make any promise, not knowing the value or otherwise of the information he may give, or the sincerity or truth of it; and he will never give the information, except upon the distinct condition of his life being spared. He dreads the idea of turning informer, he says, for nothing, and dying

with the curse of kin upon his memory; but if he could be assured that his life would be spared, he would tell everything. I am quite confident that he has knowledge of facts most important for the Government to be in possession of. In the meantime, the day approaches, and I have pressed the Government to yield as far almost as I can venture. I go to Dublin by this night's mail again for a last interview with the Chief Secretary upon the subject—so far I am bound to the unfortunate man, and I will do it. There are one or two matters in particular which I wished him to have been explicit upon; but you see how cautious and determined he is. I will, however, see what can be done. I am not without hope that the last day's post may bring a reprieve. See him again this evening, tell him that I have gone to Dublin, and implore of him to make an unconditional disclosure of all he knows, particularly of Farrell's business; and write to me to the Chief Secretary's office to-morrow, and watch the post for my reply."

Mr. — started for Dublin at four o'clock; and, after seeing him off, I returned to the prisoner's cell. I found him in a very different state of mind, notwithstanding the few hours which had elapsed since I had seen him in the morning. He would tell nothing; said "he thought the magistrate was only deceiving him for his own purposes; that he heard Mr. — was a bloody-minded man; that he knew he was to die, and it should never be said he died a traitor; that he had made up his mind to abide his doom, although he was quite sure Mr. — would give five hundred pounds to know the one-half of what he could tell him, but he would suffer twenty deaths before he'd turn traitor; he knew he had been guilty of many crimes, but he would not add that one to them." Here he snapped his fingers in the most rapid and nervous manner it was possible to conceive, and walked about his cell, attempting to whistle. It was overdone, and I could see—at least I thought so—that he was acting for a purpose, and in fact was ready, nay, anxious, to tell all he knew even upon a mere chance of escaping the fearful death that awaited him. When I told him Mr. — had gone to Dublin, he said, "He might have saved himself the trouble;" but immediately asked, in a most anxious tone, "when he would be back?" I said, "it was uncertain; that he would do what he could in his behalf; but I feared it would be vain, as he had not treated the magistrate with the confidence he ought to have done, and that he might say anything he wished to me." He appeared much disappointed, looked full at me for several seconds, and then said, "It is all over; why did Mr. — go away? why did he not stay? he'd tell him all he knew, only for the mercy of God to spare his life." I told him again he might tell me anything he wished, and that I would write to Mr. — to Dublin, and see him again the moment I heard from him. To this he made no direct reply, but still asked, "Why did he go? why did he go? what can he do? 'tis all over!" It struck me then that he really had nothing to tell; at least nothing that could be depended on as true.

This was on Wednesday evening, and the execution was fixed for the Saturday morning following. That night's mail had already left for Dublin, so that my letter could not go till the following day, and would not reach before Friday morning. There was, however, sufficient time for a reply; and although matters were much as he left them, I wrote an account of all that had passed to Mr. — that night before I retired to rest.

The next day the convict was in a very sulky and savage state of mind, apparently unwilling to speak to any one, if I except myself; and the jailer told me he was constantly muttering to himself about "traitors" and "dying true," so that I could add nothing to my letter of the night before. Friday morning's post brought me a letter from Mr. —, stating that he still feared the worst for the unfortunate culprit; nothing had as yet been done of a decided character; the Chief Secretary could not see sufficient grounds for not permitting the law to be carried into effect. "I pleaded that there was nothing but circumstantial evidence against him," the letter went on to say, "and the value of the information which I had no doubt he would give, upon several very important cases as regarded the tranquillity of the country. A meeting has been fixed for three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, between the Chief Secretary and the Attorney-General. Sir William Smith, the judge who tried the case, has been requested to attend; of course I am also to be there." He feared much, however, from the lateness of the hour fixed for the meeting, that matters might not turn out as he wished, but he would, undoubtedly, return by the mail on Saturday morning.

This evening, about seven o'clock, as I was on my way to see Delany, I met the priest, old Father O'Donohoe, coming out of the jail; he was weeping, and threw up his hands and eyes when he met me, and exclaimed: "God pardon him!" I turned with him, and he told me he had been with him for the last two hours; that he had given up all hopes of escaping the last extremity of the law; that instead of this causing him to repent of his sins and think of his poor soul, he was in a morose and almost ferocious state of mind, upon which all he could say had not the least effect, except, indeed, to make him worse. He had not only confessed the murder of young O'Connor, but declared it in the most reckless and exulting manner to all who came near him; but had, in no one instance, expressed the slightest repentance or regret. He added, that he thought the unfortunate man had lost his reason, and that it was an awful thing to send him into eternity in such a state. Here the poor old man wept again, and continued to utter, "God pardon him! God pardon him! God convert him!"

"Mad or not mad, it is indeed an awful thing," said I, "to send him into eternity in such a state." I was proceeding with the priest in silence some few

steps further, when I heard a smart step behind me, and a messenger from the jail, touching his hat, told me I was wanted. I bade Father O'Donohoe good-evening, and returned to the jail. It was Delany who had expressed a wish to see me, and I proceeded to his cell. On the turnkey opening the door, "You may retire," said I. "He may stay where he is," said Delany at once, in a loud tone; "what I have to say to the world may hear, and the world shall hear to-morrow." He then turned to me and asked if Mr. — had returned from Dublin. I said he had not. He asked if he had written, and I said he had. He then walked rapidly about, and said, "If there was anything good, you would not wait to be sent for; but it's all over now, and I'll show you—I'll show the world, and I'll show O'Connor, if he's not afraid to look, what Terence Delany can do. He knows to his sorrow—and more of that to him—what I have done already; I did murder his son; I saw his looks, I heard his dying cries for mercy, but I didn't heed them. I might have been rich beyond the seas, very, very rich, but for the one longing throb of hatred in my heart. Thousands of miles I have swept the rolling ocean for revenge; and I have had it. If the coward dares to come here to-morrow in the crowd, before the world, to his face I'll tell it, that he was always a chicken-hearted, swaddling rascal, supplanting better men than ever he was, by hypocrisy and lies, but afraid to meet them in fair or open trial—O'Connor! O'Connor, mercy!—ha, ha! mercy—where's my own? Down, down—see the 'ubbles and the mud—mercy!—ha, ha, ha!"—and bursting into an hysterical fit he threw himself upon the floor. My heart sickened within me at such hideous depravity, and I turned to go, when, starting up again with wonderful composure, he continued: "Listen to me, sir. I have one consolation left me, and that is, that O'Connor shall hear from my own lips that it was I who murdered his son. You may tell him, too, that I am aware he swore an oath never to wait for the law; that it should never overtake me—his vengeance should outstrip it—and that he would never rest day or night until, with his own hands, he paid the debt he owed me. I paid the debt I owed him honestly, with every hour's interest that was due. I know he swore this oath to several; it was his boast; 'twas but a boast. I didn't fear him; for had he tried it, except from some dark corner, which is just what he would do, father and son had both died by me. Tell him he's foiled; the law will rob him of the skulking, cowardly revenge he would have sought; and to-morrow's sun will set upon his perjured lips. He'd be afraid to meet me openly, face to face—he'll be afraid to meet me to-morrow, tied and pinioned though I'll be; his trembling, dastardly heart will be afraid to listen to me, ay, to look upon me—ha, ha, ha!—the coward!" and he sank upon his bed exhausted. Shocked and dispirited, I turned towards home. I could not but meditate, as I went, how that man could have accused O'Connor of endeavoring to take a cowardly and skulking revenge upon him—him who had himself taken a silent, dark, cowardly and murderous revenge, through a helpless and unoffending child, who had not the strength or power to defend himself. I felt that between them I knew which was the coward.

I had not been long at home when O'Connor's wife called and sent in word that she wished to speak with me. I desired her to be admitted at once. She told me her husband had been in a most distracted state of mind all day; he had now become much quieter, and she begged of me to go over and see him, and reason with him, as he seemed determined, in spite of all she could say, to witness the execution the next day; and so sure as he did, she apprehended something would happen him. She thought that having resolved upon some desperate act had alone been the cause of his apparent calmness. He had been looking at and rubbing the dust off a gun which was hanging up over the fire-place in his own room, and which he had not touched for weeks before; she much feared the poor man had lost his senses, and she thought he ought to be taken up at once, and kept safe until after the execution. I told her to return without delay, to take no notice of him, and that I would go over in less than half an hour and speak with him.

O'Connor lived about a mile and a half from my quarters; and I got to his house about nine o'clock. I found him just rising up from his supper, and he did not appear to me at all excited or in the state of mind described by his wife; but then I recollected what she said about his having become much quieter, and what she believed to be the cause. I told him I had been very busy all day, but could not resist, even at that late hour, calling over to see him and ask how he was—knowing how his mind must suffer under such painful circumstances. He thanked me, and said he was much better; that he had been in a very wretched state all day, but he could not help it, he was so fretted. I said it was not to be wondered at, but that he must not permit himself to get excited—it would soon be all over, and he ought now to divest his mind of all malice or ill-will toward the unfortunate being who was about to be hurried into eternity as a punishment, as well as to answer for all his crimes.

"I've tried it, I've tried it," he said. "I have nearly broken my heart trying to forgive that man; but I can't, I can't—it's no use. Oh, my boy! my boy! my darling, murdered boy!"

I shall not here detail all the conversation which passed between us, or the arguments used on my part to endeavor to bring him into a proper frame of mind. There was something about him, however, so calm and collected, and so very different from what I expected, that might have been very gratifying had I not suspected the suddenness of the change from what Mrs. O'Connor had so short a time before described to me; and I thought I saw a lurking resemblance upon his lips to the bitter smile of a former period, with

which I was not satisfied. I was determined to be plain with him, and to come to the point at once.

"O'Connor," said I, "you cannot, of course, intend to witness that unfortunate man's execution to-morrow?"

"I did intend to mingle in the crowd," he said, "but I have almost changed my wish. Did I not witness the sad, unmerited end of my darling, only boy, and can you wish to deny me the satisfaction—and you know how poor that satisfaction must be—of seeing the law fulfilled upon his murderer?"

"I do wish it, O'Connor," said I; "it cannot be—it shall not be. You must not, you shall not be among those who will witness the execution."

"Well, be it so; you know best. I'm sure you are for my good; but, oh! remember the—"

"Stop, O'Connor," said I, "you must pledge me your solemn honor that you will not be among the crowd which will assemble to witness the execution to-morrow. If you do not give me this pledge, I must be candid with you, and tell you that you must be kept away, and that I will do it."

"Do not fear, then," said he; "it is not my intention. It would be poor satisfaction—but poor, indeed—after the oath I swore, merely to see the villain hanged; 'twould only tell me that I slept upon my vow, and remind me that my lips were perjured, though my hands were clean. 'Tis past; I pledge what you require."

"Enough," said I, "I shall depend upon your word."

"You may, for my determination is now fixed, and I promise you it will not alter."

I left him, quite satisfied that he would keep his word.

Time and the hour go through the roughest day; and that fatal morning broke upon Terence Delany, the evening of which was destined to close upon his grave. I waited anxiously the arrival of the mail. Mr. — did not come, as I expected he would have done; there was a letter, however, from him to me, and another to the sheriff. He stated to me that, up to the moment he wrote (a quarter of an hour before the mail started), nothing decisive had been done, but he was not altogether without hope of ultimate success. The informations in the several cases of outrage to which the convict had referred, had been sent for to the clerk of the crown's office, and were to be considered. He had written to the sheriff to say how matters stood, and to request he would delay the execution until the last possible moment—as, should a reprieve be obtained too late for the post, which, if obtained at all, was most likely to be the case, he would send it through the whole way by special express, and for which purpose he had written to prepare horses at the several posting stages along the road.

The jail bell rang twelve o'clock, and it was supposed that the hour drew nigh. The numbers that had, from an early period of the morning, collected in front of the jail, were now increasing every moment, and vast numbers hurried along every approach that could command a view of the gallows. Walls, gates, windows, the tops of houses were crowded—even trees in the adjacent fields and lanes afforded an elevated position for crowds of men and boys—all assembled through mere curiosity to see the execution; and I question whether there was one person among the many thousands collected who stood there with the feelings proper for such an occasion. The door from the press-room to the drop stood open—one end of the rope was fastened to a pulley some two or three feet above, while the other end passed into the press-room; thus it occasionally swung to and fro in the wind, and at every jerk men's minds were fancying how that other end was about being occupied. The jail bell rang one, and yet the criminal had not been brought forth, and the crowd began to wonder at the delay; and as time crept on they became weary, and evinced signs of general dissatisfaction—indeed, several indications of discontent had been exhibited for upward of the last hour; and, "Bring him out, bring him out; or is he pardoned, or reprieved?—the sheriff—the sheriff—let us go home—shame to keep us here!" ran through the crowd.

At length a general murmur from the assembled multitude announced that he had come forth. He was attended by two Roman Catholic priests, one of whom said a few words, and stated that the unfortunate man intended to address the people at some length, and he trusted they would listen to him patiently, and attend to what he had to say.

I believe in my heart (indeed I know) that Delany, to the last moment, deceived the priests as to the nature of what he intended to address to the people, and that at the moment they led him forth they were certain it would be in both tone and matter what they had recommended and wished, and what he had led them to believe it would be. Alas! how little did they know the heart of that hard, bad man. His eyes wandered rapidly over the now silent crowd, and the first words he uttered were: "O'Connor, where are you now? now is your time, I've had mine. Come forward now, man; don't be afraid; 'twas I, 'twas I. I tell it to your face, if you're here. Silence, boys—silence; let him hear me if he's near enough. O'Connor, it was I that murdered your son, your only son, your darling boy; I owed it to his mother as well as to yourself. Come forward and curse me, if you are a man. Oh! I knew your cowardly heart would not let you come here to-day. Oh! how I wish you were by this hour to listen to the triumph of my revenge, dear bought thought it be. I'm going to die, boys; and I'll die like a man. I have one consolation—I know that O'Connor swore an oath to have no law but his own, and with his own hands to have revenge; but he's foiled, and now he's afraid so much as to look at me. He's a coward, and I fear he does not even hear me. Let him come forward now, and listen to the triumph of my dying

words, and I'll forgive him all. He's childless—at least he has no son, and 'twas I that left him so, for I, too, swore an oath, and I have kept it—thousands of miles of the salt ocean could not wash it from my heart—but he, the coward, has broken his. The law has snatched the cup of vengeance from his lips, and he will die perjured and unrevenged."

I was quite shocked at such language coming from the lips of a man standing on the brink of eternity. Oh! had O'Connor been within hearing, I knew him too well to believe that any earthly power could have restrained him, and I confess I felt a sudden dread that he had not kept his word; and when I recollected that he had, the night before, been putting his gun (which I knew to be a very good one) in order, I feared every moment some rash and fatal act on his part. Nay, might he not, at that moment, unseen, be bringing it to bear upon the wretched man's heart. I regretted then that I had not secured him for the day. But no stir or movement in any part of the assembled crowd indicated that O'Connor had not kept his word, and I felt reassured.

Such language as that made use of by the miserable culprit might not have been permitted, and doubtless would not have been suffered from a man in his awful situation, had not the sheriff wished to make every possible delay, in hope of the express arriving with a reprieve, and which, from the tenor of the letter he had received from the magistrate, he had every reason to believe would come at last.

The unfortunate man, after the language above described, continued to address the people on other subjects not so immediately connected with O'Connor, and his tone and manner seemed, altogether changed. He referred to part of his early life, and the evils arising from idleness and keeping bad company when young. He repeated the same things over and over again, so that I could not help thinking that he had received some hint or indulgence from the sheriff to speak against time, and I began to get heartily sick of, and disgusted with, the whole exhibition.

The high-road to Dublin turned short to the left out of the upper end of the town, and the front of the jail commanded a view of it for nearly a mile. The sheriff's eyes had been for some time steadily fixed upon a certain point of the road, the furthest that could be seen from where he stood; the unhappy culprit appeared exhausted, and had nearly ceased to speak—the awful moment had all but arrived—when the crowd at a distance began to move, and a tremendous shout was heard. Every eye was turned from the culprit to the direction of the cheers. A man was seen galloping at top speed upon a white horse; in one hand he held a long white rod, with a green flag at top, which, as he urged his horse to the utmost, was plainly discernible as it floated backward in the breeze, while upon his hat a red handkerchief was tied, as if from the very contrast of the colors to attract the more speedy and certain attention. As he rapidly drew nearer and nearer, the crowd continued to shout; and "Reprieve! reprieve!" re-echoed from one end to the other of the assembled thousands. Still he urged his horse; the crowd gave way on either side, and cheered him as he came—crowds will always cheer the man who is contending against time. The wretched culprit gazed upon the scene in bewildered agony; the large blue veins of his bare neck swelled beneath the rope almost to bursting with every effort he made to swallow, and his large, full chest rose and sank in a manner absolutely painful to behold; his ear, too, had caught the word, and he cast back a look at the sheriff, which spoke more than volumes of entreaty to be recalled. The hangman stood at his post in a state of eager and extraordinary excitement, now glancing at the sheriff, now at the culprit, and now upon the messenger of life, if such indeed he should prove to be. At length the man made the turn fronting upward toward the jail, and waving a large white letter over his head, put fresh spurs to his horse. He had now reached almost the very walls of the jail, still waving the letter, and crying, "Reprieve!" at the top of his voice. "Reprieve! reprieve!" re-echoed in one tremendous shout from every mouth. "Never!" roared O'Connor, in a voice of thunder; and, with a rapid and convulsive turn of the wheel, he launched Delany into eternity!

In order to explain this strange and most unlooked-for *denouement*, it will be necessary for me to take my readers to the day preceding the execution, and narrate what happened in the interval.

It may appear strange, yet such is the fact, that up to this late period—Friday night—when the jail was finally closed, and all, save perhaps the miserable culprit, buried in sleep, no executioner's services had been engaged. This may have arisen from a belief in the sheriff's mind, who had been in constant communication with Mr. —, that none would ultimately be required, and none had, as is usual in such cases, intimated to him where he would be "heard of"; but so great was now the extremity of the case, and such the difficulty in procuring one as the hour approached, that the sheriff would have guaranteed a large sum of money for the services of such a person. He had the day before sent a special messenger a distance of seventy miles upon a mission in search of one, but he had not yet returned; he had besides given instructions to the jailer—they were not then called governors—to procure the services of such a man upon any terms; up to this moment, however, he had not been able to do so.

It was about one o'clock on this, the last night that Delany was destined to lie upon a bed—the wind moaned feebly through the iron bars in front of the jail; the dim, pale moon peeped out suddenly now and then from behind the fleeting clouds upon the silent, dismal scene below, and as quickly hid her face again—when the outer turnkey and watchman of the jail perceived a man, muffled in a large coat, worn as

a cloak, and a low-crowned hat, pass up and down several times before the gate. He appeared to look cautiously about him in every direction; at length he approached nearer, and stopped immediately beneath the gallows, and looking up for some moments—"Never!" he cried, stamping his foot, and suddenly walked away. He had not proceeded beyond a few yards, when, stamping his foot again more violently, "Coward!" he cried; and returned directly up to the gate.

"Who goes there?" challenged the watch.

"I wish to speak to the jailer," replied the man.

A parley then ensued between them, the watchman declaring the impossibility of disturbing the jailer at that hour of the night, without knowing who required him, and the nature of his business; and the stranger firmly declining to tell either the one or the other to any but the jailer himself, "to whom," he added, "his business was of the greatest importance."

The turnkey, failing to elicit anything more satisfactory from the man, and, from his last expression, having some suspicion suddenly aroused within him that he might be the sort of person they were in want of, at length agreed to acquaint the jailer, and accordingly did so.

One's own personal and immediate interest often sharpens the perception; and the jailer at once supposed it was one of that dreadful fraternity of whose services he just then stood so much in need; and, dressing himself as quickly as possible, he hurried to the gate. As a necessary precaution, however, he surveyed the stranger through the small slide-window; and having satisfied himself that he had no companion, and was, so far as he could ascertain, unarmed, he desired him to be admitted, and shown after him into the waiting-room. Upon entering the man appeared nervous and excited, and careful not to remove the muffling from about his face. This the jailer did not much mind; he was not surprised at it; on the contrary, it confirmed him in the belief he had formed. 'Tis a trick with them all, thought he; more, indeed, from habit than timidity, his thoughts added, as he closed the door, and asked the man his business. He replied, in a hurried manner, that he understood "there was a man to be executed on the following day, and that there was great need of a person to perform the task."

The jailer admitted that such were the facts, and hoped he had come to say he could procure a person for the purpose—for there was something about the man which at once and altogether forbade the supposition that he himself would undertake the office.

"None," he replied, "except I perform it myself."

The latter looked rather surprised—at least he felt so; but being well pleased at the prospect of so awkward a difficulty being overcome, proceeded to ask, "If he was up to his business, and what would be his terms for the job?"

To these interrogatories the man replied—

"My terms are these: to be permitted to examine the machine for turning off the murderer, and to be asked no further questions."

"But what are your terms with regard to the cash?" repeated the jailer.

"I have been already paid for what I am about to perform, and I require nothing more."

He paused, and his quick eye glanced round the room with an impatient and wild anxiety.

"You have seen the sheriff, then?" observed the jailer.

"No," replied the man; "the consideration for which I came here to-night has been supplied by another hand. But be quick; accept my services at once, or I am gone."

There was something, both about his manner and appearance, which the jailer had never before seen in a member of his profession; and although he was not exactly the stamp of man he would have selected for the occasion (had choice permitted), there appeared in this case to be no alternative but to accept his services. The fact, too, of his having declared that he had been already paid, at the same time that the sheriff had given an almost unlimited order on his purse for the same purpose, presented an opportunity of *very fairly* pocketing a round sum, which did not often occur, and which the worthy jailer did not think it prudent should be lost. Be that as it may—

"Follow me," said he; and, taking a lantern in his hand, he led the way to the press-room. This press-room was an apartment about fourteen feet square. From the center at each side a small, strong iron door, thickly studded with large, round-headed knobs, showed the entrance into two smaller rooms; to the rear, looking into the jail-yard, was a small window, strongly barred, and to the front were eight stone steps leading to the platform, or drop, upon which the culprits stood beneath the gallows. Upon either of these steps there was an iron hand-rail to support those who led them forth, and upon the end of one of these rails, ready for the morrow's use, hung a coil of strong hempen rope, with a loop upon one end. To the immediate right of the steps was a large iron wheel, with a handle attached to one of the spokes, and near to the outward rim. The machinery by which this wheel was connected with the bolts that sustained the drop outside, and upon which it acted, was beneath the steps, and could not be conveniently examined; but the bolts were then set, and the jailer, standing beside the wheel, showed the man that, at a signal which would be given by the sheriff, he had only to lay hold of the handle, and turn the wheel suddenly from him, to cause the drop to fall. He also showed him a roll of penny-cord, hanging upon an iron hook, with which the culprit's arms were to be tied behind his back, at the elbows. All this the jailer exhibited and explained to the man, having still some doubts, from his appear-

ance and manner, that he was really up to his business.

The man appeared perfectly satisfied, and turned to descend, when the jailer, pointing to one of the small rooms, told him there was a bed inside in which he should sleep, and that he would send him his breakfast in the morning.

"Not for the sheriff's wealth and thine together," exclaimed the man. "Had I anticipated such a proposal, I should have made it part of my terms—and they have not been very exorbitant—sir, to have been permitted to depart, and return again at daybreak; and if this point be not at once conceded, I forthwith decline all further connection with the matter."

Here, then, was a new difficulty. The jailer began to fear an attempt to deceive him, perhaps by a friend of the culprit, to prevent any further exertions to procure a person for the purpose required, and probably refusing to act when it came to the point.

"I fear you are deceiving me," said the jailer, "and that you are a friend of the convict's; that your object and wish is to prevent all further endeavors to procure a proper person in the hope of prolonging his time, by refusing to act when it comes to the point. I doubt you, and you see I am plain with you; you are not like a man who has been accustomed to the thing."

"You need not fear," said the man, "I am not a friend of the convict's. I will be plain with you. I am not accustomed to the thing—few men are; but I will make no mistake, and will go through with it if I have life. Permit me to depart, accepting the offer of my services; and no earthly object—nothing but sickness or death shall prevent my returning at daybreak."

He was accordingly suffered to go, and the jailer returned to his *lute*-warm bed to lie awake considering whether he had been tricked and deceived by some friend of the convict's. He determined that if any person of acknowledged abilities or qualifications in his line of business should make his appearance, at once to secure his services, without reference in any way to what had taken place with the stranger; no such person, however, made his appearance, or could be heard of in any of the directions in which he was sought, and the jailer perceived, at the last moment, they would be obliged to put up with the rather doubtful qualifications of the stranger, who had returned true to his word.

O'Connor kept his vow, and this was, indeed, "The wild justice of Revenge!"

NOTE.—O'Connor never left the jail; from the very moment of the last fatal act he lost his senses. He was for some time a confirmed lunatic, from which state he gradually sank into that of hopeless idiocy, and died in the jail at the termination of little more than two years.

[THE END.]

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